

# U.S. COAST GUARD MAGAZINE



*Teamwork in the Pacific*

ADMIRAL CHESTER NIMITZ, U.S.N.  
Commander-In-Chief, Pacific Fleet

CAPTAIN MERLIN O'NEILL, U.S.C.G.  
Commanding Officer  
Coast Guard Combat Transport

JULY, 1944

Twenty-Five Cents



# MORE POWER to our Army's Navy



Many a general or old sea dog would rise out of his grave could he see some of the strange changes this war has made in our military services. Today the U. S. Coast Guard has a cavalry and the U. S. Army—a navy of its own. Among the thousands of fighting craft commanded and manned by U. S. Army officers and men are the 104 foot offshore rescue boats of the U. S. Army Air Forces.

These sturdy ships go miles to sea in order to save injured flyers and disabled planes. Below deck there is a completely equipped hospital—while in the stern are hoists and gear either to take the salvaged plane aboard or tow it to safety.

Naturally, a craft of this kind must have plenty of efficient and dependable power. That is why Army engineers have equipped many of them with twin Admiral engines (Vimalert design).

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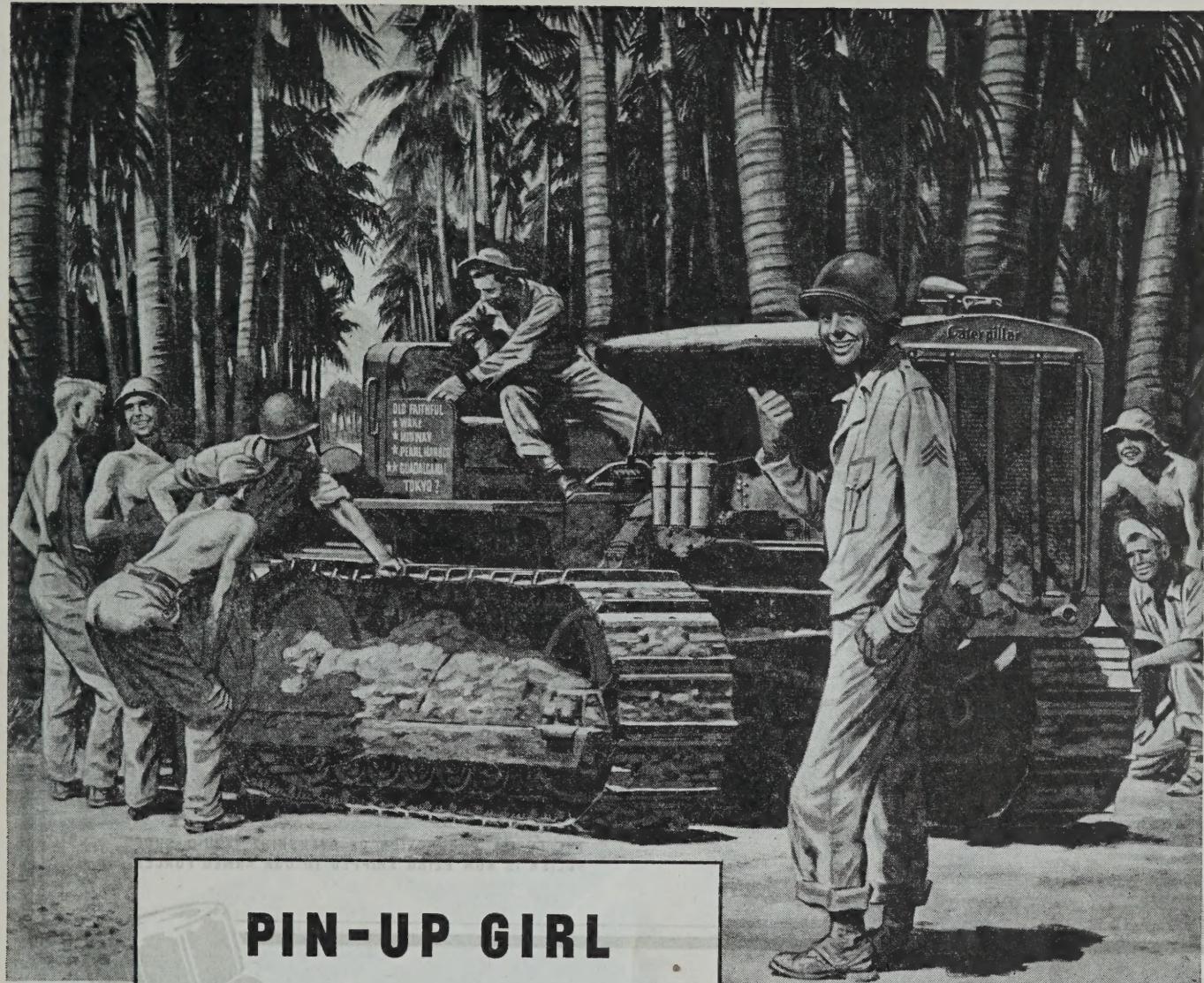
## STERLING ENGINE Company

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## PIN-UP GIRL OF GUADALCANAL

*Painted from an actual photograph taken on Guadalcanal.*

THEY call her "Old Faithful"—as true a sweetheart as ever endeared herself to fighting men in all history. No slim and shapely beauty, she holds a treasured spot in the hearts of thousands of U. S. Marines and Navy Seabees.

She was on duty at Wake Island when the war began. She's seen wartime service on Midway and done her share in the repairs to Pearl Harbor. Then off to Guadalcanal she went, to toil and labor in the steaming heat of the jungles. And beneath the campaign stars which she so proudly wears is emblazoned the word "Tokyo," so there's no telling how far her adventures may carry her.

Silly, you say, to speak that way of a "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractor? Just ask any service man who has fought on the battlefields around the world! You'll discover a genuine, deep-rooted affection for these rugged machines . . . an

affection inspired by the brawny power and tireless dependability that fighting men admire.

They've gone side by side with our troops in the face of death . . . landed on beachheads and helped to hold them . . . hauled precious supplies to places of safety . . . hewed out airfields . . . helped build roads and bridges . . . demolished enemy pillboxes. With bulldozer blades raised, they've even spearheaded infantry attacks on machine-gun nests.

Already the history of this war is filled with countless tales of heroic men and the faithful "bulldozers" that

have given them the priceless advantage of "workpower" over our enemies. Whenever you read one of these "dozer" stories, you can be pretty sure it refers to a "Caterpillar" Diesel Tractor, whether it was equipped with a bulldozer blade or not.

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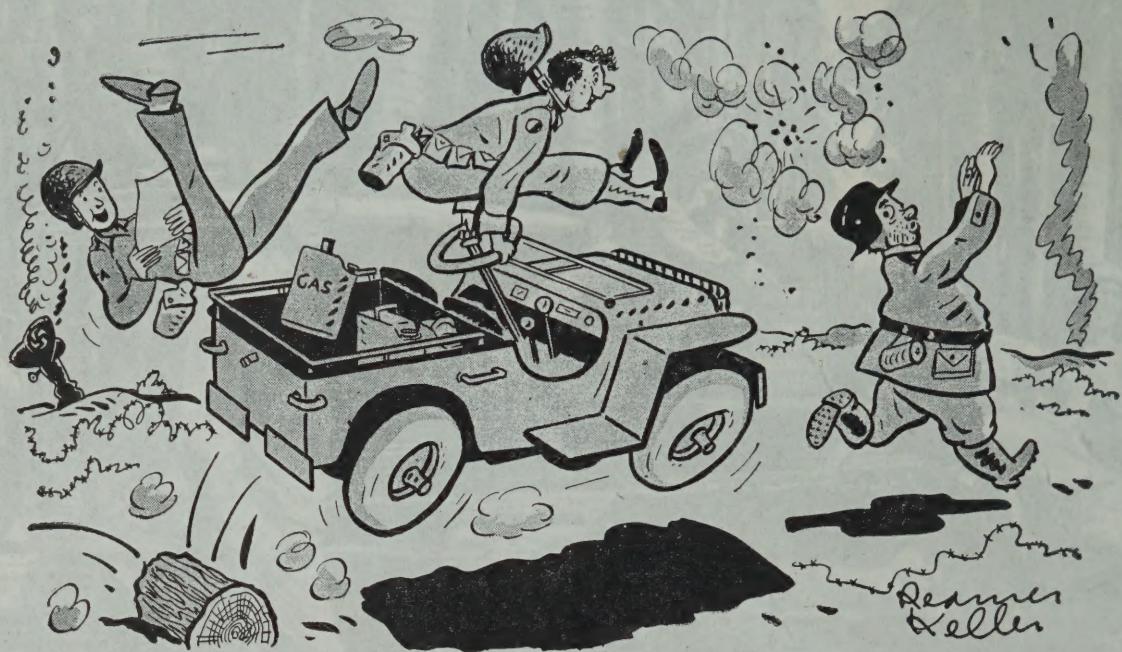
CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS

# CATERPILLAR DIESEL

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



TO WIN THE WAR: WORK—FIGHT—BUY MORE WAR BONDS!



*"Joe claims I enlisted just to be sure  
of getting Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish"*

\*47

THE ENTIRE PRODUCTION OF DYANSHINE LIQUID SHOE  
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Winning the war? Not so much. The best way to pass inspection? More than you might think! That's why Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is so much discussed—so eagerly sought after.

These men know the wisdom of using the best materials where service is hard and preservation of equipment

is vital. They know that Dyanshine is worth the price because it is easy to put on, easy to polish, and easy on the leather.

Many of these men know this because their dads, veterans of the last war, used Dyanshine from 1918 until last year. Since then, of course, Dyanshine Liquid Shoe Polish is available only to you men in the service.



**DYANSHINE**  
TRADE MARK REG.  
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*Liquid  
SHOE POLISH*

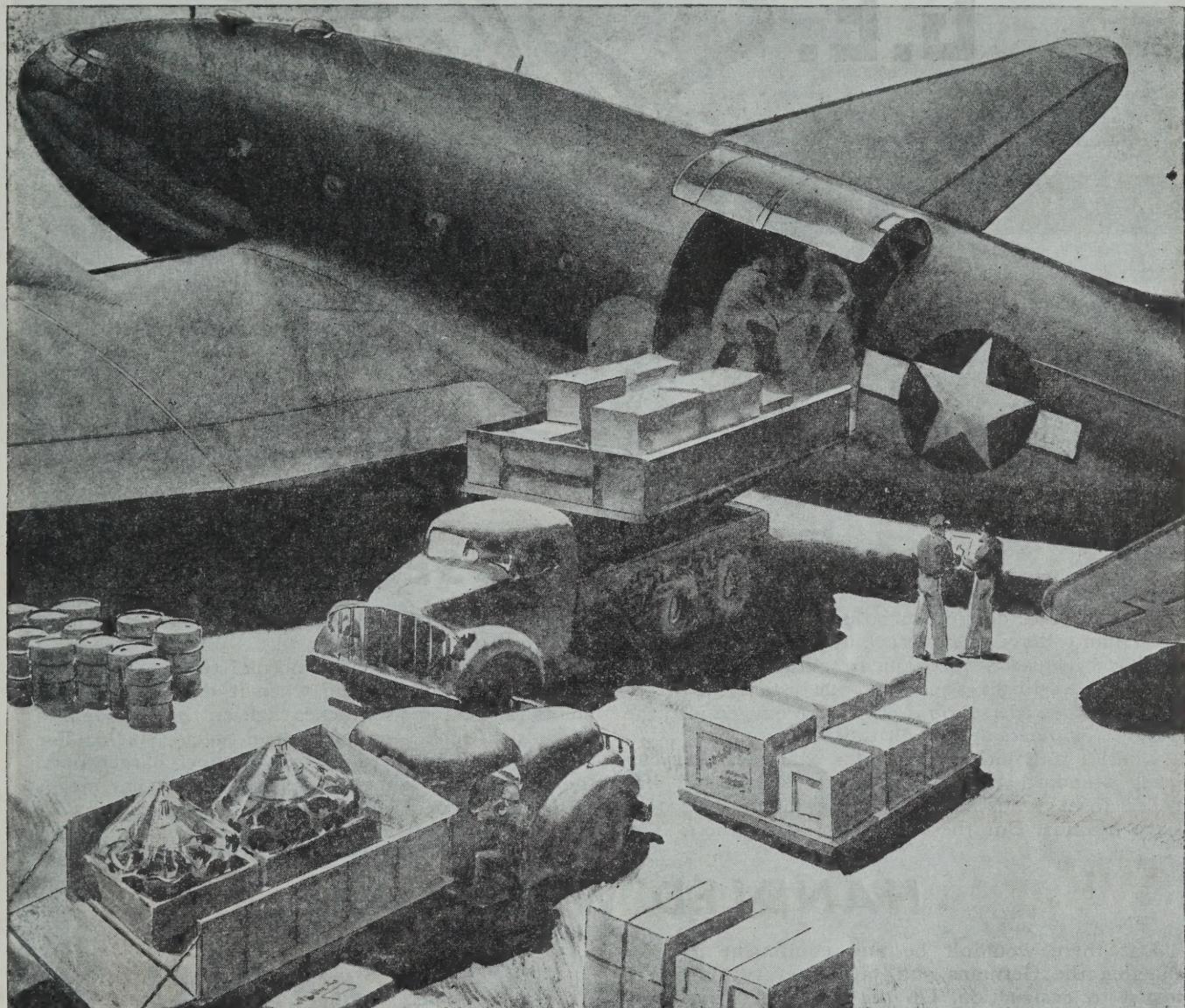


### To Those Who Prefer Paste Shoe Polish

Dyanshine Paste is available in Military Brown, Cordovan, Russet Tan, Oxblood, and Black. Packed in convenient wide-mouthed, 4-oz. jars.

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THAT OUR COUNTRY MIGHT *Out-Maneuver* THE ENEMY



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The Curtiss C-46 Commando Troop and Cargo Carrier has admirably met this demand for unprecedented mobility.

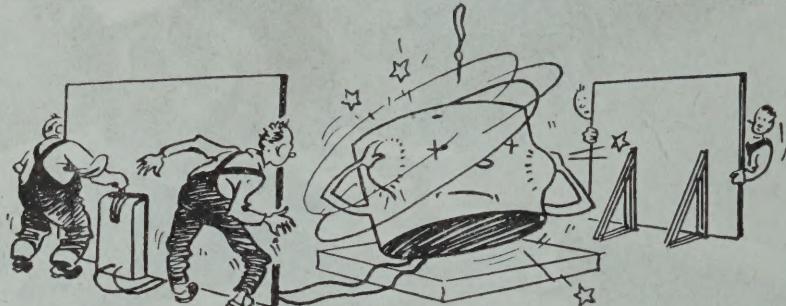
Today the Commando is a part of the greatest military transport program ever inaugurated. Tomorrow it will fly supplies for the rehabilitation of the world. Hard on

the heels of victory, too, will come the Commando's conversion to both a luxury liner and a commercial cargo carrier for civilian service. **LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!**

Another Contribution of  
**Curtiss-Wright**  
Corporation  
AIRPLANE DIVISION  
Toward Winning This War  
BUFFALO - COLUMBUS - ST. LOUIS - LOUISVILLE

# G.E. Salutes

THE MEN IN THE SERVICES



## ROUGHHOUSE

It's better to destroy turbosuperchargers in a test area than to have planes crack up over Europe or the Pacific because of mechanical failure. That's why General Electric gives such rigorous tests to the turbosuperchargers whose job it is to cram oxygen into the engines' cylinders at high altitudes.

There's a driving turbine, for example, that can bring standard turbosupercharger wheels and impellers from standstill to 30,000 rpm in approximately sixty seconds. But the test doesn't stop there. The

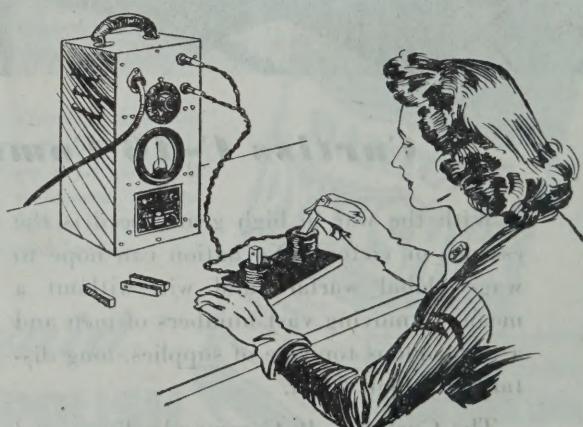
engineers make the wheels go faster and faster until they burst.

It takes more than the normal running speed to make a wheel burst—and when it does, flying fragments raise bumps six inches high on the outside of a seven-inch-thick laminated steel safety shield. The more speed it takes to destroy a supercharger part, the better G-E engineers like it; because that means a greater margin of safety when turbosuperchargers are doing their work seven miles above the earth.

## HANDED WITH CARE

But there wouldn't be any equipment left for slugging the Germans and Japs if everything were tested to destruction. On the non-destructive side, General Electric has just developed a new instrument, the magnetic comparator, which tests the quality of small ferrous parts identical in size and shape. The comparator measures hardness very accurately and catches other variations in composition without damaging the part being tested.

The instrument is portable and easy to use. The operator inserts two parts previously determined to be acceptable into coils, and by means of knobs sets an indicator hand at zero. Then he removes one of the acceptable parts and replaces it by a part which is to be tested. If the indicator moves from zero beyond the acceptable range, the part is rejected; if the indicator moves only slightly, the part may be used with confidence. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*



Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-girl Orchestra" Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC. "The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS.

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# Courteous Calm and Competent

These are traditions of the telephone business.

The courtesy born of competence and the calm, sure speed that comes from knowing how.

Learned in peace, these are valuable traits in war when Bell System people are under more pressure than ever before.

Even in today's rush and hurry, "The Voice With a Smile" keeps right on being a part of telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



*When you're calling over war-busy lines, the Long Distance operator may ask you to "please limit your call to 5 minutes." That's to help more calls get through during rush periods.*

# U. S. COAST GUARD MAGAZINE

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 FRANK McSHANE - - - General Manager  
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**"PITCH IN"**

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 More  
 War  
 Bonds



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Subscriptions: \$3.00 a year

BUY WAR BONDS!

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Office of Publication: 3 Church Circle, Annapolis, Md. (Phone 2332.)

Published Monthly. The Capital-Gazette Press, Inc. Entered as second-class mail matter November 1, 1927, at the Post Office, Annapolis, Md., under Act of Congress, March 3, 1870.

New York Advertising Office: 25 West 43rd Street, New York City. (Phone Longaere 3-3119.)

Chicago Office: 2842 Sheridan Road. (Phone Bittersweet 3800.)

Subscription Rates: Three dollars the year. Twenty-five cents the copy.

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HALL-SCOTT powered "M L's"  
Wrote an Epic Chapter at St. Nazaire**

Thin-skinned but stout-engined Hall-Scott powered Fairmile motor launches convoyed H.M.S. "Campbeltown" in that now historic task of bottling up the harbor of St. Nazaire. Head on into the lock gates crashed the Campbeltown as fire fayed the M. L.'s from scores of shore batteries. Result: "Mission Accomplished"!

A light hit on the hull could sink these escorts — but only a mangling hit on the motor could shackle their power . . . as is being proved daily wherever there's war on water! A domed combustion chamber for higher compression pressures — similar to that utilized by the engines of America's heavy bombers — plus measurement tolerances throughout the engine approximating one-half those in usual practice — provide all Hall-Scott powered craft with a performance and **DEPENDABILITY** that in time of crisis can never be measured in mere dollars and cents. After "V" day, look for this staying power in your own motor.

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# The Mail Buoy

An Open Forum

Conducted by The Editor

Readers are urged to accept this department as their own and make of it an open forum wherein opinions, ideas, thoughts, etc., may be freely and frankly discussed. Address all letters to 3 Church Circle, Annapolis, Maryland.

## U.S.S. MUNRO

Houston, Tex.

**A**BOUT six weeks ago a DE was launched here in Houston bearing the name *Douglas A. Munro*. I have not been able to determine who mans her but, as a rule, all Houston DE's are manned by Navy men.

It seems to me that the *Munro* belongs to the Coast Guard. I think he definitely would have wanted us to man her, sail her and make his name as distinguished as his. Is there anything we can do about this?

In passing, let me say that seven Spars from Houston were the escort to the launching party and to Lieut. (j.g.) *Munro* (WR), Douglas' mother. She is a gallant mother of a gallant man and I am sure she would want his ship manned by Coast Guardsmen. Why should the Navy man *our* ship?

I should also like to say how much I enjoy

our Magazine. I read it avidly every month and my one ambition is to be able to pick it up several years hence and read about companions of mine.

Another thing, while I'm about it. Of all the different branches of the Coast Guard that are mentioned in the Magazine, I have never yet seen the Bureau of Marine Inspection publicized. For the information of those who may be ignorant on this fact, the Coast Guard has only had the BuMIN a short time but in that time we have sent many men to overseas duty and, although it is a thankless job, those fellows are doing a bang-up job of "keeping our Merchant Men sailing."

I do hope you can do something about manning the *Munro* with men whom D. A. *Munro* would like to see sail her.

Sincerely,

NANCY DAGGETT, Y3c.



*Editor's Note—Yeoman Daggett's suggestion that the USS Munro be manned exclusively by Coast Guardsmen seems, at first glance, an excellent one. However, upon further consideration we are reminded that the death of the late Douglas Munro was an eloquent example of inter-Service cooperation, respect and unity. Munro's final heroic trip was made from a transport manned jointly by Navy men and Coast Guardsmen. His mission was for the purpose of rescuing Marines. In view of these conditions, perhaps it is not important that the USS Munro is manned by men of the Navy. And it may be a good thing to let Navy men be reminded of the deeds of one Coast Guardsman, a man for whom a Navy ship has been named.*

—E. L.

## DECEASED

Baltimore, Md.

Because the Magazine has such far-reaching possibilities, I am asking you to carry a bit of sad personal news which might not otherwise reach numerous interested persons.

My husband, Lieutenant (j.g.) Alonzo O. Hatfield, passed to his final permanent station May 9, 1944. He had many friends and shipmates, some known to me but many more unknown. Those friends will be interested to know that Alonzo was laid to rest at Arlington with full military honors.

I shall never be able to express my gratitude to the officers and enlisted men of the Coast Guard for their kindness at the time of my bereavement. I shall always remember the impressive services at Arlington, the climax of a splendid lifetime, and I am grateful to those who arranged for these final tributes.

Sincerely,

MRS. ALONZO HATFIELD,  
VIRGINIA L. HATFIELD.

## HAPPY HOOLIGAN

Ellis Island, N. Y.

I can't for one minute see why we boys start to boil when someone calls us hooligans. Why the devil do we get mad?

Probably most of us realize that a "Webster" Hooligan is defined as a "rowdy." Sure, that'd get anyone mad, but here's what Roget's Thesaurus of English words and phrases has to say: "On an even par with the swashbucklers, *Furioso's*, *dare-devils* and *fire eaters*." I see that you are calming down a bit. I know why, too; it's because our buddies are out there not only eating fire and swallowing it in great chunks, but are also shoving a lot of that blistering stuff right down the enemies' gullets.

The Marines are leathernecks, the soldiers' dogfaces (G.I.'s in this war), and the Navy is hanging on with dear life to the term sailor and tar—also with due respect to the poetic license used in that wonderful show, "Tars and Spars." So that leaves us with Hooligan.

Swashbucklers, yes. A swashbuckler is a fire-eater deluxe. He's a rough and ready fighter, a gladiator and the gamecock of swordsmen. This war he doubles with the sword on the end of his Springfield '03. In the strict translation, he's a combatant. That doesn't leave us out, not by a long sight.

After all, Hooligan sounds a hell of a lot better than "Coasties." Repeat that word—Coasties. Add a "Post" and you've got something that you'd eat for breakfast. Maybe we're suffering under an undeserved inferiority complex. After all, this is the smallest fighting outfit in this country's service. Maybe the boys who rammed the snub-nosed barges onto the atolls of the Pacific feel inferior to the other outfits out there. No answer to that? You can remember when the Army had the same growing pains that we went through. Rifles that were sticks. Mortars that were stove pipes. Tanks that were trucks. They pulled through. We did, too. Expansion is a tough problem for any organization.

(Please turn to Page 10)



Lieut. Robert Morgenthau, USNR (hands in pocket, extreme lower left), was one of many Navy men rescued by two Coast Guard destroyer escorts after the destroyer *Lansdale* was bombed in a German attack off the coast of North Africa recently. Lieut. Morgenthau is shown watching Navy seamen leave one of the Coast Guard rescue vessels.

# Cigarettes? LISTEN—



One says this—the other says that.

But *here* is cold scientific proof that  
PHILIP MORRIS is the cigarette for you.

In tests with men and women smokers,  
eminent doctors found and reported that:

**WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS,  
EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT  
—DUE TO SMOKING—CLEARED UP COMPLETELY,  
OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED.**

When a cigarette has this *proved*  
superiority . . . and, in addition, is  
finer-flavored, finer-tasting . . .

Isn't that what you're after?

## P.S.

*We claim no curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But we do say—and the evidence proves—that this cigarette is far less irritating to a smoker's nose and throat. Try it.*



# CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

Page Nine



# ★ EDITORIALS ★

## Food For Thought



Returning Servicemen Will Ask Some Questions. Will the Answers be Satisfactory?

IT'S A LONG WAY from the beachheads of Europe and the atolls of the Pacific to the eventual day of demobilization but, in the interest of the eventual fate of the Nation, it might be well for industrial leaders on the home front to think about the seven or eight million citizens in uniform who will be coming home seeking a decent plane of living.

One of those men—Coast Guard Yeoman Robert E. Archer—visited his home town recently and was shocked by the apathy of the people on the home front. He wrote to this editor as follows:

"It was noticeable that a great number of employees from a certain machine gun plant were not impressed by the importance of their duties, judging from the repeated absenteeism. Whenever they are in the mood to take a day or two off, they do so, invariably spending valuable hours in taverns, bowling alleys, etc. Week after week, the same ones committed such practices—with never a reprimand for being absent from work. Then, too, a few even remarked that it was cheaper to remain at home than to work the scheduled week as it cut down on their income taxes!"

### THE OLD JUDGE:



"THE THING that worries me most, Sam, is that the boys who are doing the fighting may lose faith in us at home."

"Yes, Judge, and could you blame them if they did?"

"I agree with you, Sam. I guess a lot of Americans are content to let boys in uniform do the fighting and dying in order that the stay-at-homes can take time off to attend ball games."

"Yes, Judge, and have you noticed that the folks who are loudest in criticizing the administration of the war effort are the same folks who walk out on strike in essential industries?"

"Sam, I guess it's still true that real service to one's country is measured in terms of silent and anonymous sacrifice, not by strikes, labor disorders and pretty speeches by petty persons who are quick to wave the Flag but slow to waive their greed."

"This spectacle was infuriating. Other servicemen home on leave noticed the condition and resented it. They observed that not all the atrocities executed against American servicemen occur in the Japanese prison camps! Equally as malignant and galling to the morale of the servicemen are the labor atrocities being committed at home—somewhat camouflaged by modern civilization, but still as venomous. They are as malicious and detrimental to the cause we are fighting to preserve as those practiced by the barbaric Axis criminals."

### INTERESTING QUESTION

"When civilians read of Allied troops withdrawing to await supplies, do they ever pause to wonder if perhaps they might be responsible in part for the failure of their appearance—the guns, tanks, planes and munitions that are vitally needed to restore this world of chaos to righteousness? Do civilians ever pause to wonder if the strikes, the slowdowns and the failures to report to work because of selfish, personal desire might be the cause for the supplies not being delivered—or for the shortage?"

"In the Service, a soldier cannot go AWOL from a foxhole, desert or jungle to indulge in a beer, to go dancing or to celebrate the arrival of a paycheck! Nor does he receive exorbitant wages for crawling through swamps, hell-holes and the blood-stained battlefields."

"Strikers, slackers and absenteers are transgressors and should be tried for their misdemeanors. These truculent practices are Axis-aiding factors,—destructive and cruel!"

"Don't Draft Fathers!" has been the appeal of many. Yet some fathers are the worst offenders when it comes to strikes and absenteeism! Their marital status and dependency are merely a cloak for their weaknesses and selfish motives. Let them exchange places with the servicemen—they would suddenly realize what it means to commit an offense; they would be tried and sentenced accordingly.

### PENALTY NEEDED

"It seems as though Labor should scrutinize the list of AWOL's in war plants more closely—and impose a just penalty for such unpatriotic gestures. We can all appreciate the inimitable performance of our defense workers in furnishing armament, but there is still a gigantic task ahead."

"A sign on a billboard in a certain city expressed a sentiment that every civilian—especially STRIKERS, SLACKERS and ABSENTEERS—should memorize: 'WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TODAY THAT A SOLDIER SHOULD DIE FOR YOU TONIGHT?'"

The Coast Guardsman who wrote the foregoing statements is representative of an American generation which must be dealt with in the not-too-distant future; a generation of fighting men who look toward the day of reckoning when an accounting may be asked of those who played the role of industrial slacker.

It is not going to be easy to put aside the questions of returning veterans. These men are going to want to know the reasons for strikes and slowdowns, the reasons for absenteeism.

These men are an observant lot. They write:

"We left wives and children at home when we went to war. We expect to see them living in a better America when we return but if we find that strikes and walkouts have robbed us of our supplies of war and have placed the Dollar Sign into the hand of the Statue of Liberty, there'll be a bitter accounting."

These men were, in pre-war days, members of organized labor. They know the need for sound and intelligent labor unions and, knowing this, they are ready to call for a new deck of cards in the game which labor has been playing,—the old deck and the old rules apparently permitting all manner of war-time abuses at the expense of former union men now in the field of combat.

The other day more than 80,000 workmen in various essential war industries were on strike, or out of work because of strikes, all at one time. Trouble in the vicinity of Detroit had alone kept 60,000 men from work; not all of them were on strike, for some were simply obliged to lay off because others were on strike. Here and there, throughout the country, there were other labor disputes in progress so that the total actually on strike was 28,000 and considerably more than that were out of work because of these strikes.

It took a personal statement from Gen. H. H. Arnold, chief of the Army Air Forces, to impress upon the executive committee of the Foremen's Association of America the seriousness of the strike involving members of that organization. The foremen—some 3,300 of them—had been on strike nearly three weeks in the Detroit area. General Arnold says that their walk-out "cost the air forces 250 Mustang fighter planes," and may have interfered with invasion plans. Anyway, the strike held up 13 key war

companies in the Detroit region. Meanwhile the war labor board was appealing frantically to the union to call off the strike in the interests of the war effort. The members of the union apparently paid little attention to the labor board but were somewhat more impressed by Arnold's statement. The executive board agreed to end the strike.

That is the situation as American boys prepare for "the great adventure" in Europe—as they storm the coral beaches of Pacific atolls. It seems, when one stops to think of it, absolutely incredible that American workmen, no matter what their grievances should spend their time conducting "union organization as usual" activities and perhaps permit American soldiers and sailors and marines to die as a result of their action.

It makes one wonder, in fact, whether there is a war to be won or a union election or the adjustment of some grievance to be settled, first and foremost. In other words, are the members of some union—any union—so callous to the danger and sufferings of American fighting men that they can afford to call a strike in a vital war industry? Are the American people so accustomed to the high-handed, arrogant ways of some few belligerent unions and their leaders that they will tolerate such shameful shirking of a war-time duty?

## POST-WAR PLANNING

**VICE ADMIRAL** Russell R. Waesche, Commandant of the Coast Guard, has urged the House Committee on post-war military policy to see that no changes are made in administration of the Coast Guard as a result of the proposed merger of the Army and Navy.

Admiral Waesche said the Coast Guard is a part of the civil establishment in peace time, and operates within the Navy only in time of war or other national emergency. Smooth operating relationships have been worked out so that in war time the Coast Guard becomes a specialized service within the Navy and in this way the fullest use is made of its experience and resources, he added.

In normal times the Coast Guard has four major functions, according to Admiral Waesche: It acts as the law enforcement agency for the Federal Government at sea; safeguards life and property at sea and on inland waterways; provides both rescue services and aids to navigation, and administers the laws relating to inspection of merchant vessels and licensing their officers and crews.

The Coast Guard also maintains its personnel and facilities in military readiness at all times and is by its nature a military-type organization, although it works most effectively as part of the civilian establishment because its normal function is to enforce civil laws and serve the seagoing public. Admiral Waesche said.

In wartime the Coast Guard's normal activities continue and are expanded to meet military needs, and Coast Guard vessels and personnel also do their share of fighting enemy submarines and aircraft, patrolling the coast on and off shore, clearing minefields and protecting sea lanes, he added.



THE COMMANDANT recently recommended that no changes be made in the customary peacetime policies of the Coast Guard. His statements came as result of the proposed merger of the Army and Navy.

## SAVES LIFE AT SEA

A dramatic saga of the sea, in keeping with the highest traditions of the Coast Guard, developed near Norfolk, Va., recently when Coast Guard aviators rescued a crew member desperately ill aboard a Mexican merchant ship at sea.

While on routine patrol off the North Carolina coast in the early evening two planes from the Coast Guard Air Station at Elizabeth City, N. C., were attracted by a medical distress signal from a merchant vessel. One of the pilots, Lieut. W. E. Prindle, landed his light plane on the water, despite heavy swells, while the other plane, flown by Roy H. Weber, aviation pilot first class, circled overhead.

A boat put out from the ship carrying the ill man but Lieut. Prindle saw condi-

tions were too dangerous to attempt to transfer the seaman, Lorenzo Andres Nieto, 26, Mexico, D. F., and had Weber radio the Air Station for a larger plane.

Lieut. Comdr. Richard Baxter took off despite electrical and thunderstorms, with a crew of eleven aboard his plane. They were forced to fly around the storms and reached the merchant vessel after dark, landing in her wake.

The seaman, whose illness was diagnosed as acute appendicitis, was transferred aboard the larger plane. Taking off in the heavy swells, Commander Baxter raced to Norfolk where an ambulance sped Nieto to the Marine Hospital. There, only five and a half hours after the Coast Guard planes sighted the medical distress signal, the man was successfully operated upon.

Commander Baxter's rescue crew consisted of Lieut. (j.g.) David W. Hilsen, copilot; Lieut. (j.g.) Corbin Allardice, navigator; Joseph Accamo, Samuel Stochursky, Michael Bower, Roy C. Everett, Philip Suprenant, Bernard Weiss, Frank Wojtowicz, George Kovach and Harold Zeff.

## EDW. ROBERTS

Edward F. Roberts, CBM, known familiarly to his many friends in the Service and "on the outside" merely as "Doc," died recently. He had been out on an assistance call from Wilmette Station, where he had been in charge since last October, and after towing a yacht into Belmont Harbor he started back to his station to the north, at Wilmette Harbor on Lake Michigan. He was apparently stricken with a heart attack.

Doc was 29 years old, and became a CPO last year. Prior to taking charge of Wilmette Station, he had had a similar assignment at Jackson Park Station, and previous to that had been at Old Chicago Station. He enlisted in the Coast Guard 17th August, 1937. He was married to Mary Brady Roberts, and they lived at 4237 N. Spaulding Ave., Chicago.



**Sweetheart's "handy" says...**

"Kiss  
coming up!"

**3-Ring "handy"  
says...**

**"BALLANTINE!"**

Ever since Adam, we've talked with our hands—we "handy" our thoughts. Radio "handy"  says "Half a minute to go." Thinker's "handy"  says "Got an idea!" 3-Ring "handy"  says "Ballantine for me" . . . PURITY, BODY and FLAVOR in every glass  America's finest since 1840.



**BEER**



P. Ballantine & Sons, Newark, N. J.



**A**BOARD A Coast Guard-manned Supply Ship in the Assault at Aitape, New Guinea (Delayed)—With her guns blasting successfully at enemy emplacements ashore and her crew walking gingerly about on top of a cargo of some 6,000 tons of explosives and high test gasoline this ship has just participated in the latest lightning seizure of New Guinea territory long in the hands of the Japanese.

Her Coast Guard crew, veterans of the Gloucester and Admiralty Island campaigns, brought their ship within hailing distance of two enemy-held islands to unload combat troops, explosives, high test gasoline, and ammunition and used her guns to knock out resisting enemy emplacements ashore.

#### THE STRAIGHT FACTS

Last night, this ship, part of a convoy, broke off from the main body to play its individual part in this assault. She was entirely blacked out...the only sound the faint sigh of the waves against her hull...the only light, the glimmer of phosphorescence from the propeller. Most of the men knew where they were going, but the Captain, Lieutenant Commander George Stedman, USCG, of San Francisco, as usual, laid the cards on the table...acquainting every man with what he faced. That's the kind of an officer he is. In action, he doesn't believe in the blind "I command. You obey." "It helps a lot," he says, "if the crew knows what is going to happen."

He told them last night...speaking to small groups, tightly packed in close, hot, blacked-out quarters...men standing awkwardly, clearing their throats, giving him their complete attention. He told exactly where they were headed...and what might be in store for them. A hit on the

ship, with her 6,000 odd tons of high explosives, would probably finish them.

Few of the men slept. Many quietly wrote letters home. The atmosphere this morning when general quarters sounded was strained. The breakfast given the crew consisted of sandwiches and hot coffee; the combat troops got pork chops and scrambled eggs. Men laughed at nothing. One of the younger petty officers asked an older chief, "Pappy, you got up every five minutes to look at a picture. Who was it—your girl?" The answer silenced everyone for a moment. "No. My family!"

Certain men had already been picked to carry out the special combat assignments. Twenty-five deck rates, under Vernon O. Hanson, CBM, were to man the winches, put the heavy LCM's over the side, and disembark the combat troops—all in com-

dered to the wheelhouse below, in case of attack.

The mist lifted slowly. The dark islands on either side, "close enough to spit," took form. Suddenly, the first destroyer shattered the dawn with a yellow belch of flame—and then our five-inch gun began rhythmically to pound target "B," on the island to our right. In the intervals between the roar of the gun and the "thunk" of the empty shell cases hitting the net, our gunnery officer, Lieutenant (j.g.) Clark A. Fussell, USCGR, could be heard repeating to ranges. Spotter Raymond Hicks, SK2c, passed corrections to gun captain, Herschel D. Overton, BM2c. Through the glasses, Hicks saw a pillbox dissolve in a sudden cloud of logs, clay and flame...saw two Nip defenders running for cover. Another five-inch calling card made him jubilantly

## Victory at Aitape

### Coast Guard Crew Strikes Hard at Jap Installation on New Guinea

By ERIC WEISSBORG  
(Coast Guard Combat Correspondent)

plete darkness. They had already rehearsed the job. Bridge, radio and signal crews, with added tasks, were to work long hours without sleep. Only the key men were left in the engine room. Extra men had been assigned to both guns and powder magazines.

#### UTTER BLACKNESS

It was raining this morning when general quarters sounded—a slow tropic mist that gave us an added advantage. It was black above deck, for this was the darkest night of the month. Men groped their way to gun position, deck winch or deck house. Little was said. The sudden whine of the motors driving the five-inch gun aft gave notice that action was but a few moments off.

The ship entered the harbor at 0545. In the mist-ahead, minesweepers were clearing a path. LSD, LST's, destroyers and SC's were somewhere on each beam. Captain Stedman with R. George Albertini, CY, as his talker, was conning the ship from the bridge. All bridge personnel had been or-

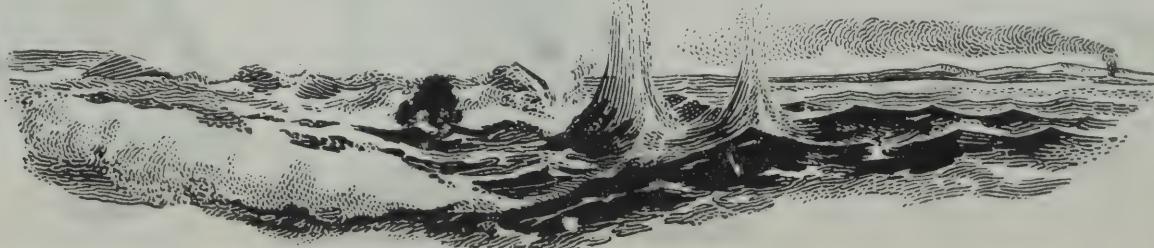
exclaim "Bingo!"

Up forward, the three-inch fifty was doing its part, dropping three-inch shells on Target "A." Gun Captain Richard Wilkinson, QM1c, and Spotter Charles S. Fried, CBM, were doing some fancy cussing. An LST first moved into their line of fire—then a destroyer held them up. Nevertheless, the patrol vessel in the area gave them credit for knocking out a Jap barge, with eighty some troops, and two pillboxes.

The "Fighting Parson," Thomas A. Senter, S1c, who conducts church services every Sunday, was living up to the theme of "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," by tossing up the shells; 150 rounds were expended in half an hour.

The picture was breathtaking. Long lines of twenty millimeter fire from the destroyers, together with returning fire from the beach and islands, arched in the dark sky like a looping string of red and green Xmas tree bulbs. Shells burst ashore in shimmering waves of yellow and red flame.

(Continued on Page 45)

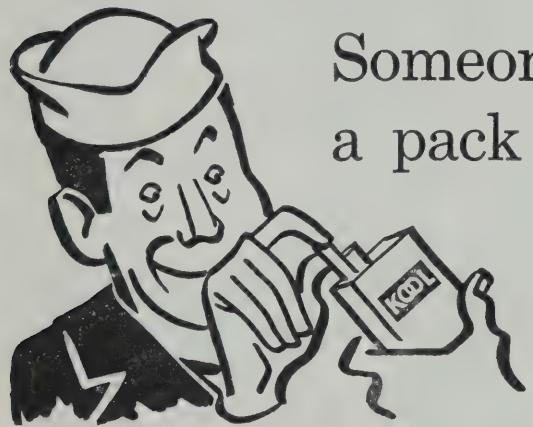


# Remember when you had a cold?

*(Your regular smokes  
tasted like the deuce)*



Someone dealt you  
a pack of KOOLS.



If they  
suited you  
so well then

*(when your throat was raw)*



Don't be the "dummy" . . .  
why not smoke 'em  
all the time?



BUY WAR  
STAMPS  
AND  
BONDS



Switch from "Hots"  
to KOOLS *—for good!*



# The Chaplain's Page

By CHAPLAIN J. M. CRANDALL

"Come to Me all who are burdened and heavy laden and I will give you rest."



## AS THY DAYS ARE . . .

THE BOY had often asked his father to let him run the farm, alone, just for a few days. He knew he could do it and wanted to try. Bud Dad had always brushed it aside, "You aren't big enough, yet." Then the day came when father was taken sick—so suddenly that he did not have time to give the simplest instructions to his boy. Without an instant's hesitation, the lad took charge and carried the farm right through the busy days of harvest and into the winter's work in the woods. What had to be done, got done, somehow.

Years passed and the boy became the head of a family. Never rugged, he often feared what might happen if he should find himself under pressure to undergo violent physical strain. One thought that haunted him was that he might see someone drowning and be unable to save them. Being only an indifferent swimmer, this was the worst of his fears.

Then—it happened! Out in the hills for a Sunday afternoon hike, he saw his own little girl go slipping into a mountain stream, swollen and rushing with the spring rains. Without thinking, he threw himself into the water. Boulders crashed into his chest and pools swirled him in their eddies. The precious little bundle of humanity was snatched again and again from his finger tips. Above water and under, now right side up, now upside down, the pair went downstream.

At last the father got a firm hold on his child and struggled a few yards farther to find footing. Holding her close to his aching chest, he slowly picked his way ashore to safety. They were

## POEM FOUND ON THE BODY OF AN AMERICAN SOLDIER KILLED IN ACTION IN ITALY

"Look, God! I've never spoken to You,  
But now I want to say 'How d'you do?'  
You see, God, they told me You didn't exist.  
And like a fool I believed all this.  
Last night from a shellhole I saw Your sky:  
I figured right then they had told me a lie;  
Had I taken the time to see things You made  
I'd have known they weren't calling a spade a spade.  
I wonder, God, if You'd shake my hand.—  
Somehow I feel that You'll understand.  
Funny I had to come to this Hellish place  
Before I had time to see Your face.  
Well! I guess there isn't much more to say;  
But I'm sure glad, God, I met You today.  
I guess the zero hour will soon be here,  
But I'm not afraid since I know You're near.  
The signal!! Well, God, I'll have to go.  
I like You lots,—this I want You to know.  
Look, now, this'll be a horrible fight:  
Who knows? I may come to Your house tonight.  
Though I wasn't friendly to You before  
I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your door?  
Look, I'm crying, me, shedding tears!  
I wish I had known You these many years.  
Well, I have to go now, God. Good-bye.  
Strange, since I met You, I'm not afraid to die."

both bruised and cut from head to foot. The blood was streaming from a gashed head. But there they were, back on firm ground. Only then did the man realize what he had done. What had to be done, got done. Afterward he said that he never thought for a moment that he would lose his child. It was like being in a very tough game, but keeping your confidence in spite of the breaks. Perhaps that was what saved them both.

But—what is "that"? What saved them?

There are instances without number of people outdoing themselves under the strain of emergency. There are more cases of people enduring terrific trials with great patience—and winning out at long last. What is it that comes in to keep us up, drive our powers and sustain our hopes? It can not be manufactured, nor can it be possessed. It can only be accepted and used, gratefully.

Could it not be God?

Someone says, "Naw—just the excitement." Granted the excitement is the stimulus that pours the necessary "zip" into the system, is not this an act of God? Or if it is "hope long deferred" that keeps us going, why can not that, also, be God at work with us?

Let's not dodge it. It is an old, old story. It has always been known:

"As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." God is there in the emergency and He is there in the long pull. What has to be done, He sees to it that it gets down. You can bank on it—by banking on Him.

## " . . . NO OTHER GODS"

THE SECRET of a happy life—as well as a successful one—is to be unified, centered on something so big as to take care of every idea, ambition and desire.

Only God is great enough to thus compel total devotion. Lesser gods can not do it. No lovely thing, no pure ideal, no worthy ambition is to take the place of God in the focus of our attention.

A mother can kill her child with smothering affection. A husband can ruin his home by groundless jealousy. A man can neglect his family because of his overpowering ambition to "get ahead." Every time we allow anything to take the spotlight of our devotion away from God we court disaster.

This is not because God is "jealous" of our affection. Who are we, that The Almighty should need our attention? It is, rather, because we are made for Him and we have no other way of living that will be adequate to His purposes for us. We are like the tiniest electrons in the filament of the electric light; every one of them (not just some of them) is alight with the power that courses through them. So, if we are to live worthy of Him who called us into life, we also must be powered with the Power of God.

He is the source. These other things are channels. If a father sees his child as a gift of God there is a happy home. If the lover will enfold both himself and his loved one in the Love of God there will never be any difficulty. If the ambitious man will seek to do his utmost within the limits of God's guidance, he is bound to succeed and at the same time be happy, healthy and good. When we forget this we fall back on mere cleverness, or turn aside into evil. We are trying to get living water from a dry spring.

# THE FRESHER....

# THE BETTER!



Buy more  
War Bonds  
than you  
think you  
can afford!

# APPLE "HONEY" HELPS KEEP OLD GOLDS FRESH!

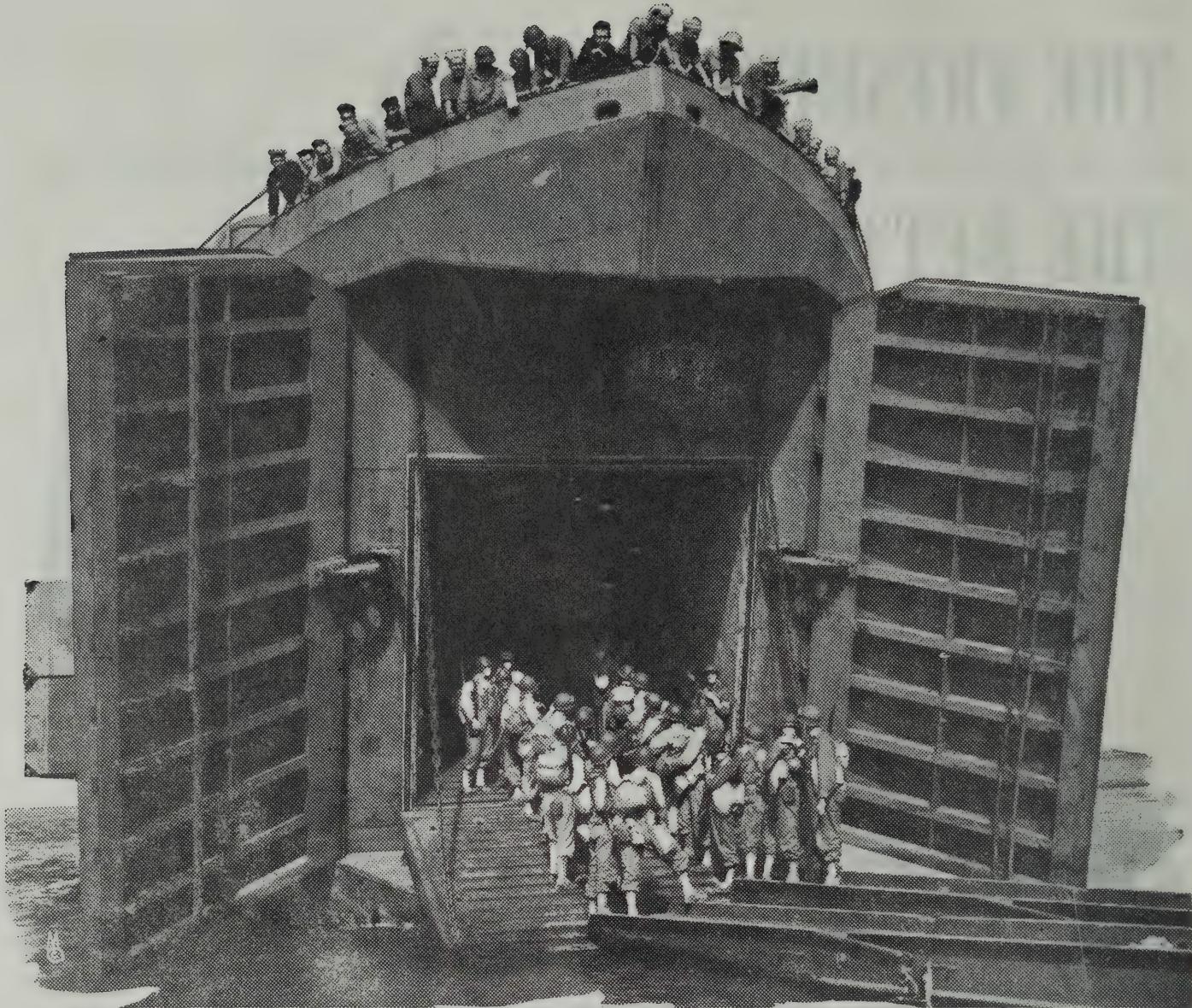
• You want fine tobacco, of course. But you want it fresh! A mist of Apple "Honey," the nectar of luscious apples is sprayed on Old Gold's fine tobaccos to help hold in the natural freshness.

"Something new has been added" to these tobaccos. It's Latakia, a costly imported leaf that gives richer flavor. Try Old Golds and see why they have won a million new friends.



**LISTEN TO:**

Bob Crosby and His Orchestra, Sun. Evenings, NBC . . . also The Old Gold Show, Wed. Evenings, CBS Network



## THE FIRST LST



ALL HANDS TAKE stations for Condition One Mike!" shouted the Boatswain's Mate, as the word was passed for everyone to stand by beaching stations.

This was not the first time the men had been called upon to man their combination battle and beaching stations, but perhaps more like the hundredth. This was the crew of the Coast Guard LST 327.

It all goes back to more than a year ago, when the Coast Guard began manning the new type invasion craft—LST's. Not much has been said of the part the Coast Guard has played in the actual landing of troops and fighting equipment during the invasion of Sicily and Italy, but we fellows can spin many a yarn covering the period from when we left the States to where we now sit, awaiting further orders.

It was a cold bleak day, in Curtis Bay, Md., as we mustered on the athletic field before going aboard what was to be our new home. As we fell into ranks we wondered what was in store for us. We had heard numerous stories of the LST. Some said they were "one-way tickets." Others said "Last stop Tokyo." And another called them "Large Standing Targets."

We were somewhat enlightened when the Commander of the proposed flotilla told us:

By CARL O. PFANNKUCH, RM1c

Here, At Last, Is The First True Account Of The History Of The Coast Guard's First LST, The Gallant 327.

"You are Crew 0001, the first Coast Guard crew to man an LST. Many will follow you, but you are designated as the first. Your travels will be far and wide, your experiences will be new and exciting, but I know you will do as many other Coast Guardsmen have done and are doing, and that is exemplifying the spirit of the Coast Guard and its traditions."

Since that day, which to us seems ages ago, we have travelled far and encountered those new experiences.

Our crew, completely Coast Guard, were not a "salty lot," though a few men were in their second or third cruise. The rest of the men had proven themselves worthy of their rates by going through Coast Guard training schools. The crew all knew their jobs but found it no easy task to adjust themselves to this new type of ship which was still in the experimental stage. Difficulties were soon ironed out after long days of "dry runs" and practice invasions.

Our training days proved very tedious, consisting of loading the ship with equipment, guns and men, then beaching, unloading, and successful retraction from the shore, to return again with

another load of supplies and men. Each man of every department put in more than ten hours a day. Aboard an LST, when there is work to be done, there is no distinction of rates. All hands turn to!

Then came our first air raid. The African campaign was still in full swing, and we were quite close to some of the enemy's most stubborn resistance. Our ship was moored inside the breakwater, in a small North African port, sweltering in the heat. This night, as soon as darkness had fallen, we were suddenly called to "General Quarters" by the sound of the Klaxon and General Alarm. For a crew that had never fired as a unit, nor had been in an air raid, they did a magnificent job. Of course, there were mistakes, as it would be impossible for any crew to weld themselves together into an efficient unit without the actual experience, but we all profited by our experience, and many lessons were learned that night which were put into effect later during actual invasions. From that night on, we knew we were in the war! Since that time we have been in more than 50 air raids. It seems miraculous that we have come out of them untouched, but we have not a man hurt, nor lost—to date.



FROM A COAST GUARD LST American invaders gain another foothold on a beach in the South Pacific. Coast Guardsmen have brought this LST safely to its destination against the menace of enemy planes.

As time progressed we kept hearing more and more of "The Invasion." Everyone was guessing, where and when it would take place. We knew it was coming, for we could see the plan slowly molding into shape, and all the men on the LST's knew it was the prelude to something big.

One night we joined the convoy. We still didn't know where we were going until our Captain, Lt. P. A. Ortman, USCG, gave us our assignments and designated what each man was expected to do during the entire invasion. It was a large job ahead of us. What was to be encountered had only been shown on paper. What was actually to come would only be proved by the forthcoming maneuver. And we found out—later!

As we approached our objective in Sicily, designated as Yellow Beach, we were called into General Quarters. We were eight miles out when the signal was given to our small boat crews to man their boats which were slung on the davits. As the men clambered aboard the small craft there was doubt in many a mind whether they would all come back, but there was no hesitating.

The wind was strong and a large heavy swell was running. As yet there were no lights visible from shore and a terrific surprise was in store for the enemy when these small landing boats hit the beach with the first wave of fighting Engineers.

A short while after the small boats had unhooked their falls to ride away, gunfire was noted on the beach. It was ours. The LST small boats were engaging the enemy! It wasn't known



OFFICERS WHO MANNED the Coast Guard's first LST's were, top row: Ensigns Furtner, Fox, Haynes, Lieutenant Collins and Ensign Crisa. Front row: Lieutenants Fontaine, Ilaqua, Ortman, Gilleron and Keast.

until our crews came back in their boats, one by one, that the landing had been made successfully. The boats' crews told of heavy machine gun fire, and anti-personnel shell bursts. One man testified to this fact by having the entire back of his Kapok life jacket burned away by a piece of flying shrapnel.

It was then that we were given our orders: "All hands take stations for Condition One Mike." That was the signal for us to get ready to beach our ship. As we manned our stations we knew that after once getting on the beach we might not get off.

We landed in Sicily on the first day of the invasion in the first wave. Where we landed must, of course, remain confidential, but we know that if it hadn't been for the LST's, this invasion would not have been possible. As we pulled off the beach after unloading our cargo, we realized we had been through something which would be in our minds—always!

Now that the initial landings, which we hadn't pleasantly looked forward to, were over, we would not give anything for that experience. It was clear to us now that the LST was meant to get its precious cargo onto the beach, and then get off again! We saw some of our sister ships being hit, we heard on the radio



OUT OF THE JAWS of a Coast Guard LST at Cape Gloucester, New Britain, come the Marines. Coast Guard and Navy LST's participated in the invasion.

of the casualties, and we ourselves were attacked by dive bombers many times during our approach to the beach and while on it. In fact, a dive bomber had dropped its load exactly on the spot we had been a minute before. But this was just the prelude to the larger invasion in which we again were an integral part.

It is no secret now that the LST's continued their invaluable help after the Sicilian invasion by bringing additional men, supplies, guns and tanks, to Sicily from ports in North Africa. It also is no secret that we not only brought full loads to the battlefields, but also brought back from there tank deck loads of prisoners and wounded.

#### STILL THE TOPS

We,—the first Coast Guard LST—and other LST's continued to haul supplies until the area had absorbed all it could. By this time we had been joined by other Coast Guard LST's, but the glory of being crew 0001 was still ours—and as far as we were concerned, we were still the tops.

After the Sicilian campaign, and prior to the Italian venture, we lay at anchor in a North African port, resting and catching up on ship's routine. But this didn't mean we were out of the war zone, for we were at "red alerts" at least once a night, being subjected to bombing each time. Perhaps this account of an air raid will give some idea of what one is like:

*"We have just finished an air raid, and the all clear has sounded. This was such a raid as we never have seen before, and we have seen many. The Nazis were out in force tonight, lighting up the skies with parachute flares. The water surrounding us was lit like daylight, and it seemed hours as the flares slowly descended to the water illuminating all in their path. During the raid we saw at least three enemy planes shot down, one completely disintegrating before our eyes as a shot smacked it into a thousand pieces. Another Jerry plane was caught in the searchlights while the shore and ship batteries poured lead into him. It was just as though it were staged on the movie sets in Hollywood. The plane fell nose first, twisting and turning. It took only a few moments for him to leave the sky and hit the water with a roar right near us. The plane was instantly a mass of blazing gasoline and in a few seconds was completely gone."*

We all knew that another invasion was imminent and knew that it would be much tougher than the Sicilian campaign. We Sicily, "Everyone is scared when entering battle, and whoever states were not afraid of what was to come, but anticipating dangers



AS THIS COAST GUARD LST hits the beach of a Jap-held island, the big bow doors swiftly swing open and the ramp is lowered. Out pour the fighting men and later the tanks to rout the Nip defenders.

ahead is a feeling which cannot be avoided. As a tough Army sergeant remarked to us one day, as we were transporting him to he isn't a liar." It is just a natural reaction.

One night after loading again with troops and guns, we joined another convoy. We then knew we were in for an invasion, the second. And having won our spurs in the first at Sicily, we felt we were better prepared this time.

Our thoughts as we approached the mainland were, "Well, it's come." The first real invasion of the Continent of Europe. This morning our forces invaded at Salerno, about 20 miles south of Naples. Our task group sailed into the Bay of Salerno just a few hours after the initial force, in plain daylight, in time to catch the brunt of the fighting.

Now we realized we actually were "Large Standing Targets!" Even the announcement that the Italians had surrendered didn't lessen the battle, for we encountered more determined resistance than ever experienced during the landings in Sicily. We were shelled from the time we got in until we were well out to sea. We learned that when the announcement was made that Italy had surrendered, the Germans in Italy took over all the gun emplacements, and had been waiting there for us.

#### HEAVY SHELLING

Our first ships to go in were blasted so heavily that a few of them were forced to head out to sea until some of the opposition could be cleared. The troops that did land had to clear the beaches of mines and barbed wire before we could land our troops and guns. Accurate German shell fire on the landing beaches and approach area was highly effective. Our Naval fire support kept pumping back, putting many enemy gun positions out of action. We attempted to approach the beach for our landing but didn't get far before the enemy let us have a barrage of shells that completely bracketed us, but didn't hit! It was an indescribable experience to hear the roar of the guns and immediately after hear the 88 mm shell scream over us to burst only a few yards away. Other ships were not so fortunate as we, for there were casualties all around us. But again we pulled through without an injury!

During the early evening we were called to General Quarters, to stay there all night. The Nazis made repeated bombing attacks on us and our beachheads. Having made the invasion just a few hours before, our troops had no opportunity to set up searchlights with which to seek out the enemy, making us helpless to fire upon the aircraft. It was a helpless feeling knowing they were up there, yet unable to find them to shoot at. Our naval fighting ships and magnificent air force drove them away as we maneuvered into convoy to start back to a loading base and begin anew the task of loading and supplying the fighting front with additional men, tanks and guns.

#### LARGE TARGETS

It has not been easy, this job of making the initial beachheads and supplying them. We are large targets and are continually either at sea or upon the beaches discharging our cargo of men and equipment. We know that this is an important detail and we are determined to do it well, for we are most anxious to get the war over with so that we may once again live in the pursuit of peace and happiness.

It's been over a year since we last saw the United States, or had a cold beer, or a bottle of "coke." It's been a long time since we have seen our loved ones or enjoyed the many privileges of our native land. These, the LST's, are no luxury ships, and the life has been hard, tedious and sometimes dangerous. We know, however, that those we left behind are worth fighting for and that some day we shall return victorious.

We have witnessed the change in command of our ship. Our former Commanding Officer, Lt. P. A. Ortman, USCG, relinquished command of our Coast Guard ship, to be succeeded by our former Executive Officer, Lt. C. J. Gilleran, USCG. It only means that once again the wheels are turning, disintegrating our crew to place them on newer or different ships, for the benefit of the war effort. But no matter who leaves, the LST 327 shall always be part of us.

No matter what lies ahead, there always will be the Coast Guard LST 327—Crew 0001.

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# Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A N H E U S E R - B U S C H • • • S A I N T L O U I S

CHINESE ORGANIZATION of an anti-fascist Japanese organization for the present made up of Japanese prisoners, is an indication that the inevitability of defeat is beginning to dawn on even Japanese minds of the military tradition. Directing the anti-fascist group is Shushumu Okano who has had thirty years of background in fighting Japanese pro-war parties. He was compelled to flee Japan in 1943.

According to Okano, Japan's top production of planes in 1944 will not exceed 14,000 as against the 150,000 of America and Britain. Japan's shipping tonnage for 1944 will be approximately a million tons as against the British-American's twelve million tons.

Okano's report of conditions in Japan indicates that difficulties of the Japanese home front are mounting. The people are becoming weary, discontented and pessimistic. Clashes between the army crowd and parliament are becoming frequent. The cock-sure belief that the war would be won in a hurry has disappeared. In its place is an enervating fear that Japan is doomed to become a defeated, small, third-rate Pacific power.

An underground movement is beginning to make its appearance in Japan, according to Okano.

\* \* \* \* \*

GRIM HUMOR culled from a letter secretly sent to Holland by a German and recently reprinted in the Netherlands underground newspaper *Je Maintiendrai*:

"We are conquering backwards, and the Russians, panic-stricken, follow us. We Germans are enticing the Russians and their leader, Stalin, from Russia to Berlin. In this manner we are deceiving them because Berlin is gone. Thus we are beating the Russian Army!"

\* \* \* \* \*

ROBERT SHERROD, correspondent for *Time* magazine, went along with the toughest fighters the U. S. has produced on their toughest assignment; he was with the Marines at Tarawa. His account of the battle has been published this week.

From Sherrod's observations, one can gather that the Japanese defense of the Central Pacific atoll was in miniature their defense plan for the entire Pacific area.

When the first American assault waves broke through the machine gun cross-fire to establish a beachhead, the Japanese there knew they were doomed. Yet they fought on bitterly, taking as many Americans with them in death as possible.

Snipers waited in trees for hours while Marines passed by, waiting for just one sure shot and knowing that shot would be their last. One Japanese threw himself beneath the treads of a tank, clutching a grenade in his hand. He was crushed to death, of course, but he put the tank out of action.

The Japanese in Tokyo know as well as did the Japanese on Tarawa that full victory is impossible. But they will fight on, too. They will fight on and kill more Americans.

They think we are soft and half-hearted and will soon tire of the sacrifice. The next step, if this were so, would be a negotiated peace in which they would gain part of the territory they overran in those first weeks after Pearl Harbor.

When other Tarawas take place—and they must—and the casualty lists come in, it will do well to remember this.

\* \* \* \* \*

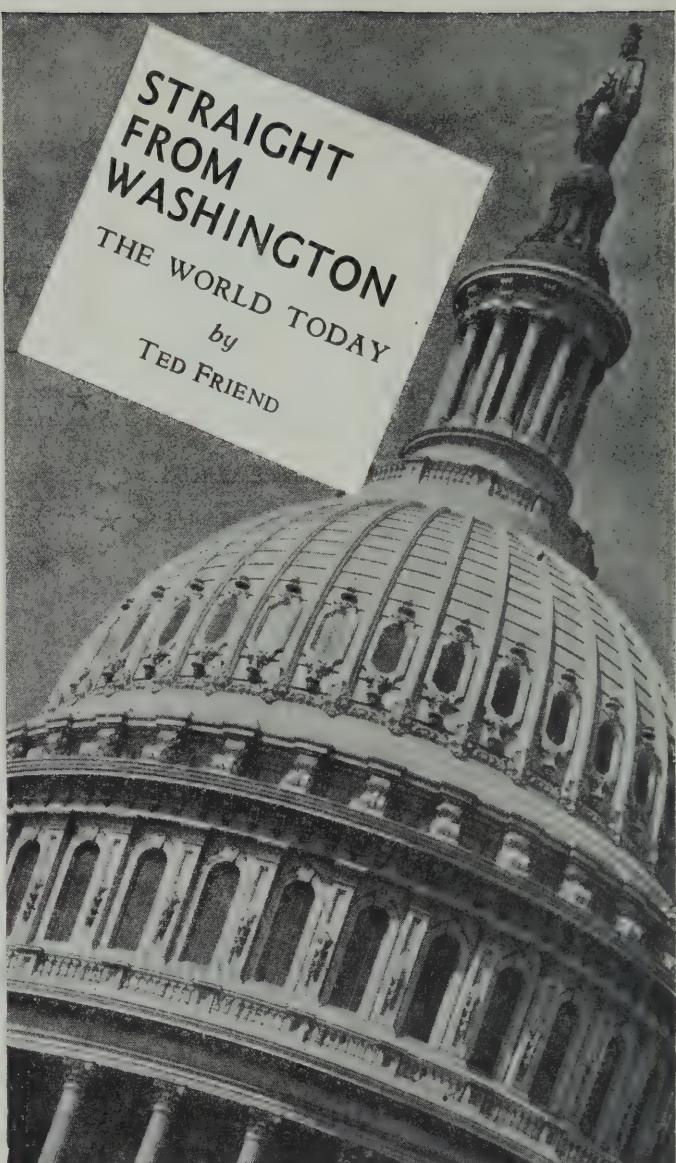
GOOD NEWS is the recent official statement relating to the progress of the U-boat war. Despite increasing Atlantic traffic in May, that month showed the lowest loss of Allied ships to enemy U-boat action since the United States entered the war. Even more sensational is the fact that more U-boats were destroyed than vessels sunk.

Which just about "liquidates" the U-boat war as a threat.

\* \* \* \* \*

LEST WE FORGET—the enemies of our country are still exerting serious efforts to stir up animosity and dissension among us. Evidence of these efforts is found in the tragic increase in racist propaganda and the various activities of the merchants of hate.

Hitler's only "secret weapon" has been revealed as the divide and conquer propaganda which his aides have stimulated and his



unwitting dupes have spread in this country. Huge sums of money and energy are being spent to corral the divisive forces within our borders.

The amazing lengths to which adherents of the Nazi philosophy are going are particularly significant now when the Axis armies are being defeated on all fronts. It is evident that in the employment of this diabolical political weapon, they feel that they can overcome the effects of their military losses. If they succeed in their mission, then despite Allied victories, we most certainly will lose what we are fighting for.

\* \* \* \* \*

A NEW FORCE HAS come to the surface in France which is causing the Nazis no end of worry. Known as the "Maquis," a name taken from the wild Corsican bush country, they are a huge band of peasant guerrillas who refuse to enter the forced-labor battalions organized by the Germans.

Operating in the mountains of southeastern France the Maquis, now numbering over 40,000 fighters of all ages, are raiding German stores, factories, railroad centers and other vital points.

To counter Maquis activity the Nazis recently sent a force of 2,500 Storm Troopers, supplemented by 300 Vichy police. In a series of mountain skirmishes the Maquis killed 250 of the Germans and 120 Vichyites.

The Maquis, which are receiving secret military training, are expected to be an important help now that the United Nations have invaded France. Together with other French underground fighting groups they will also have an important part in the reconstituting of the French Republic.

## YEARS OF DUTY

**A**BOARD a Coast Guard-manned LST. Somewhere in the Pacific (Special)—Veteran of almost 17 years in the Coast Guard, Julio Panada, Steward, first class, has seen action from Singapore to the remotest South Pacific islands since the outbreak of the war, but he still has a couple of "musts" on his war travel lists.

No. 1 priority on the agenda is the Philippine Island, Panada's birthplace and present home of other members of his family. After the Philippines, Panada would like a look at Tokyo.

### AT SINGAPORE

Julio got his first taste at war on the USS Wakefield when Jap bombers scored hits while the ship was near Singapore. He was still aboard the Wakefield during a fire in mid-Atlantic. As a member of the crew of this LST since she was commissioned a year ago, he has participated in the invasion of Kiska and Tarawa.

"We were all pretty scared when the bombs hit us at Singapore," Julio recounted, "but I think the fire in the Atlantic was the most terrifying of all."

"The invasions of Kiska and Tarawa were pretty thrilling all right, but they just didn't seem to measure up to the bombing at Singapore and the fire. Guess I was just used to excitement by that time."

Panada's longest continual tour of duty afloat—five consecutive years—was spent aboard the Pontchartrain. The Pontchartrain was on ice patrol at the time.

"I don't think I'll ever be as cold again as I was those winters on the Pontchartrain," Panada smiled. "We used to put on all of the clothes we could find and still we'd feel the cold."

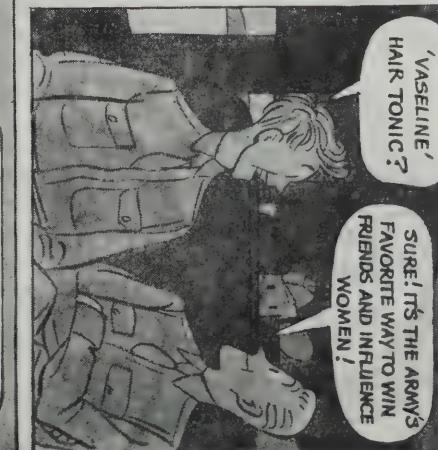
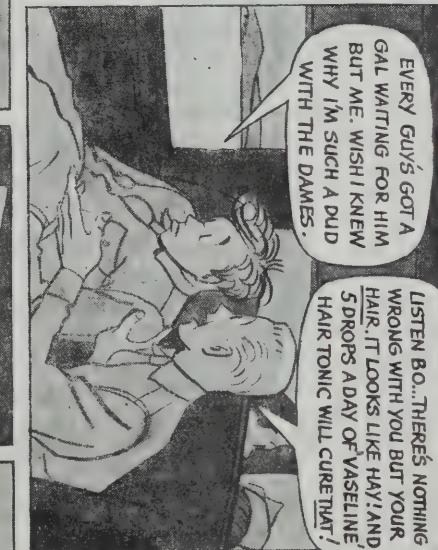
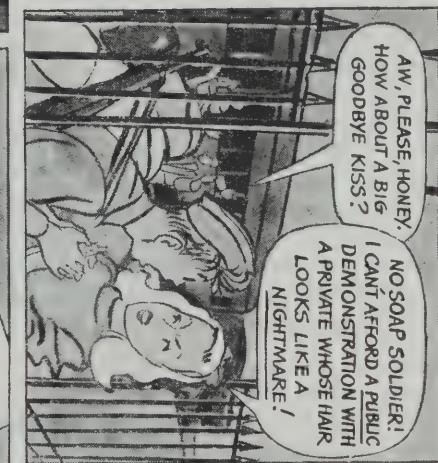
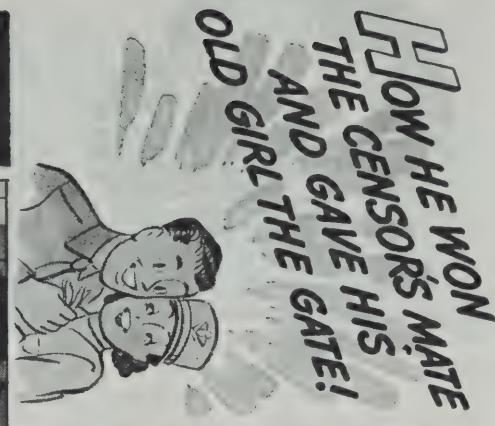
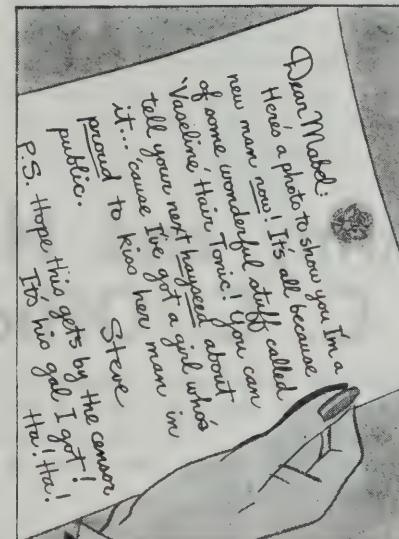
### ON THE WAKEFIELD

The partially bald, greying steward, who looks anything but the 42 years he claims, was on an ammunition detail when fire struck the Wakefield in mid-Atlantic. After helping to unload explosives from the stricken ship, Panada returned to Staten Island.

"Everyone on the Wakefield had a big job to do that day. We all knew the whole world was watching our actions out there and we had to make good. I think we did."

"Memories of the fire on the Wakefield will always remain with me. I lost all of my scrapbooks and souvenirs I had collected since my early days in the Service."

Panada was in Boston attached to a floating unit when World War II started for the United States on December 7, 1941. Born in Lawunian, P. I., Panada came to Seattle when he was 25 years old. He joined the Coast Guard shortly after arriving in the United States. He has a brother, Marcario Panada, who still lives in Seattle. The remainder of his family—father, mother, sister, and other brothers—are "somewhere in the Philippines."





IN AN IMPRESSIVE ceremony at the Coast Guard Academy, Rear Admiral James Pine, Superintendent, pinned the Legion of Merit and the Silver Star on Lieut. Comdr. Edward C. Thompson, Jr., and read accompanying citations from Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and the late Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, commanding the officer's outstanding services to the success of the Sicilian campaign while commanding a patrol craft last July and August.

Lieutenant Commander Thompson, a graduate of the Academy in the class of 1936, is the first Coast Guard officer to be decorated by both the army and the navy in the current war.

#### AIDED 'IKE'S' ARMIES

Lieutenant Commander Thompson's decorations were awarded by virtue of two exploits a month apart—the first primarily a service to the naval command in a landing operation and the second a task rendered to assist General "Ike" Eisenhower's armies in the conquest of Sicily. The Navy's award of the Silver Star came in recognition of Lieutenant Commander Thompson's "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity as captain of the PC in action against enemy forces during the assault on the island of Sicily" off Licata on July 9, 1943.

He received the Legion of Merit, by command of General Eisenhower, for his "courage, resolution, and splendid seamanship which contributed materially to the subsequent success of the Seventh army" in operations off the north coast of Sicily in support of Gen. George S. Patton's forces.

In the initial operation, which won the Silver Star for Lieutenant Commander Thompson, his craft was assigned the task of locating the beach off Licata several hours in advance of the invasion fleet, and, then, to relay information and signal directions to the landing craft. Several PC's, including

Lieutenant Commander Thompson's vessel, were assigned these jobs at the designated beachheads in the Licata area. Their instructions were to locate accurately these beaches and it was made a hazardous undertaking by the fact the ships had to take their stations without support, maintain quiet and the element of surprise, navigate through waters which were quite possibly mined and known to be protected by shore batteries of guns and searchlights.

#### DREW SMALLEST BEACH

The PC drew the smallest of the beaches in the Licata area, it being only about 800 yards long and approachable, because of the contour of the shore, by an even shorter span of water. Lieutenant Commander Thompson's ship silently took up its station off the hostile shore before "H" hour which was scheduled for 0245 on the morning of July 9. Undetected by the enemy, she silently anchored off the beach.



Lieut. Comdr. Edward C. Thompson

## Army and Navy Honor C. G. Officer's Gallantry

### Lieutenant Commander Edward C. Thompson Becomes First Coast Guard Officer To Win Decorations From Both Army And Navy In World War II.

"For a while," according to Lieutenant Commander Thompson, "all was quiet and we lay off the beach picking up the shore markings, aided by the shore glow which the huge fires of earlier air attacks had created inland, but eventually suspicions must have arisen ashore as powerful searchlights began to probe the dark sea where we lay at anchor. At first they may have missed us, as, although anchored, we kept the vessel maneuvered with her stern towards the shore lights and a PC-boat of 173 feet is fairly small. Eventually they discovered us, but it may have been hard to identify us and they were apparently confused for the batteries and pillboxes did not open fire as we anticipated, so we just stayed there and sent out our designated signals to the invasion fleet."

#### INVASION FLEET DELAYED

"Owing to the blow on the previous day," he relates, "the invasion fleet was delayed about 15 minutes in arriving for 'H' hour, but the assault began around 3 A. M., and it was our job to direct traffic as the successive waves of landing boats came in to establish the beachhead. As we lay directly south of the landing spot, we simply ordered them 'to steer for the North Star.' That was all there was to it—we stayed there until it was quite light at dawn and the Nazi and Italian dive-bombing grew intense. Then we pulled up anchor and got



out. We were never fired upon, even when the shore batteries opened up, for they were more concerned with the troops on the beach, the landing craft and the larger ships offshore, nor was the ship bombed from the air."

Thus Lieutenant Commander Thompson modestly describes his and his vessel's part in the Sicilian landing operations off Licata which won him the decoration of the Silver Star. The citation accompanying that award from Frank Knox, Secretary of the Navy, ascribes his part in the success of the operation in more glowing terms. It reads:

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity as captain of the PC in action against enemy forces during the assault on the island of Sicily. Accurately locating the strategic beaches assigned for landing operations. Lieutenant Commander Thompson, although forced to maintain fire silence in order to support a surprise attack, tenaciously held his hazardous anchorage off shore and continued to provide vital signals to direct the landing craft, despite con-



stant exposure to hostile searchlights and imminent danger of enemy fire. His splendid leadership and valiant devotion to duty under extremely adverse conditions contributed materially to the success of our assault forces and were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States naval service."

#### ASSIGNED CONVOY DUTY

When the PC came out from her station off Licata, she was immediately assigned, on the morning of July 9, to convoy a transport to a North African port. In the next couple of weeks, the PC made several trips on escort duty between North Africa and the Licata area and then she was ordered to the north coast of Sicily, where her operations were to win for her commander the Legion of Merit.

General Patton's Seventh army marched into Palermo July 23, just two weeks after the Licata landings, but when his troops turned eastward along the north coast on their way to Messina their progress was slowed up by difficult terrain at the same time General Montgomery's British Eighth army was being held up around Catania to the south. The north coast of Sicily is rugged and mountainous with dry rivers in deep ravines dropping sharply into the sea and the Seventh army's only communications were one railroad and a single, narrow, coastal road. The Nazi demolition squads had done an effective job of destroying the bridges, so the Americans were faced with a difficult job in moving heavy guns and equipment up to the front to support and to blast the way for the advancing troops, until the idea of moving this material by sea at night was conceived.

#### LANDED BEHIND LINES

"I believe I was the first commanding officer," Lieutenant Commander Thompson says, "to get the job of escorting the landing craft ferrying such equipment around the blown-out bridges. We received orders one night to escort a squadron of seven LST's in such an operation. The ships were loaded some five to eight miles behind the front lines and we moved silently up the shore to put our guns, tanks and heavy equipment ashore again right behind the first front line. The Nazis were a bit surprised when their positions were blasted by big guns shortly after daybreak! After we made two such trips, the operation was considered successful enough to try on a much larger scale."

"At first we weren't bothered much by the Nazis," the PC's unassuming commander continues, "but later they began to bomb us regularly. Our closest call came at high noon one day when a pair of Focke-Wolf 190's came at us directly out of the sun when we were about a mile off the beach. The first one dove at us from astern, but levelled off too soon and the bomb dropped about 200 feet in our wake. The second one followed with a low glide

## LITTLE MISS GRIFFIN shows the way



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GRIFFIN ABC PASTE, in the easy-opening can, gives you a bright, long-lasting shine that re-brushes for days.

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across our bow and dropped his 'egg' close enough to shower us with spray, but it did no damage. We did not even get a shot at either plane.

"On August 8," Lieutenant Commander Thompson concludes, "it was decided to attempt a landing behind the German lines and the PC was assigned as an escort vessel. When the landings were made, our job was to take up a position farthest to the east and screen the landing craft. We were only two miles off an enemy controlled cape and well within range of their heavy gun positions on this peninsula, but they hardly bothered us."

#### LAUDS OFFICERS, CREW

Lieutenant Commander Thompson does not feel that his operations off Licata nor on the north coast of Sicily were beyond the routine call of wartime duties. He attributes a good measure of their success and efficiency to the fact that he possessed experienced junior officers and a ship manned by a well-trained crew. However, General Eisenhower and other ranking army officers apparently believed his conduct was a meritorious and outstanding service to the nation's war effort when it was directed that the Legion of Merit be conferred upon Lieutenant Commander Thompson with the following lauditory citation:

"Edward C. Thompson, Jr., 30,497, lieutenant commander, United States Coast Guard, for exceptionally meritorious conduct in the performance of outstanding services during operations of the United States Navy in support of the Seventh army, in the latter phase of the campaign in Sicily. As commanding officer of a patrol craft, Lieutenant Commander Thompson rendered outstanding services in escorting, under enemy fire, a group of landing craft engaged in ferrying equipment. On the night of August 8 he employed his ship with great effectiveness as a screening vessel for a group of landing craft which were making an amphibious landing behind the enemy lines. The courage, resolution and splendid seamanship evidenced by Lieutenant Commander Thompson contributed materially to the subsequent success of the Seventh army."

Lieutenant Commander Thompson, who is 32 years old, was born in the Dorchester section of Boston, was educated in the public schools of that district, graduated from Dorchester High school, and makes his permanent home at 31 Mellen street in that city. He is married to a Dorchester girl, the former Miss Marion Shea, and he early acquired an interest in the sea and ships. Prior to entering the Coast Guard Academy, Lieutenant Commander Thompson worked for two years in the wooden or small boat shop of the George Lawley Corp., famed American yacht builders, at Neponset, near his home. After returning from the Sicilian campaign he was assigned to the Coast Guard Academy as an instructor.

# Jergy's Journal

By KEITH JORGENSEN

**THE TRAIN** wheels creaked as the long lonely-looking cars eased onto the dock and beside the big transport. Faces lined each window. Tense faces, eager faces, sad faces, smiling faces, curious faces. Faces of men from city and country alike.



Jorgenson

The dock was a beehive of activity. Red Cross representatives hurried in all directions distributing coffee and doughnuts. The doors of the cars opened. Platoons quickly formed and, amid the calling of names and billet numbers, thousands of Uncle Sam's cream-of-the-crop headed for

the gangway, leaving American soil for a long time to come. Some may never walk

**THE LAUNCHING** of the cutter *Pontchartrain* recently at the Coast Guard Yard, Curtis Bay, Md., marked another step in the building of a great Coast Guard Fleet. Sponsor of the vessel at the launching was Mrs. B. C. Thorn (left center), wife of Captain Ben Thorn. Aide to the sponsor was Commander Dwight Dexter (left). Matron of honor was Mrs. R. R. Waesche, Jr. (right center). Patricia Roberts (extreme right) was maid of honor. Cute mascot for the gala occasion was little Judith Waesche, daughter of the matron of honor.

on it again. Curious watchers of the ship's crew stood idly by pretending disinterest; disinterest because they tried vainly to conceal the tugging that was going on inside their breasts.

#### FROM EVERYWHERE

Boys of all ages climbed the gangway and disappeared into the giant mouth of the cargo port. Man after man, the stream continued ceaselessly, each man leaving his own little world to go out and fight for it. Some apparently failed to realize the seriousness of the occasion. Many joked and sang as though they were attending a high-school football game, but behind all the apparent joviality the large guns of the big transport cast shadows over the dock and the giant funnels belched steam and smoke in sinister seriousness. The crisis for many was starting.

#### A SIGHT TO SEE

I wish a lot of civilians could have been there to witness the sight. Rather, I wish that every growler, striker, slacker, and goldbrick in the war effort could have been there. They should have been lined up to say good-bye to the boys. They should have been distributing the coffee and the doughnuts. It is they who should have



checked them in at the gangway and wished them luck—and it is they who should have then stumbled home and looked into the mirror. Believe me, the art of back-bone stiffening would have flourished in its highest. Believe me, if Joe Goldbrick could have been there to give G. I. Joe his last package of cigarettes and the handshake, this damn thing would be over a lot sooner than we think!

#### SCUTTLEBUTT:

Everything is ship-shape in Alaska, quotes Lt. H. M. Dougherty. Lt. Dougherty writes that he has been stationed in Alaska for over four years and only recently returned from an eight months' assignment in the Aleutians as Disbursing Officer for CG units to the—(censored). A few of the boys whom he says are still holding down the fort in the icy north are: Lient. Comdr. Maurice Rice, Lieut. Comdr. A. Van DeVentér, Lieut. Barney Clarke (ex QM1c of the *Ingham*), Lieut. D. S. Harrow (same as Barney), Lieut. Wes Caine, Lieut. I. B. Smith, CMM Carl Seavey; Celestino Radasa, Std1c; Lieut. L. Parks, Lieut. (j.g.) Bob Iverson, Lieut. (j.g.) Hank Ford, CRM Cecil Ferguson, RE Fred Baldwin, Lieut. (j.g.) Claude C. Charley, RE Tom Ellingwood, and Lieut. (j.g.) R. S. McAdams—There's a roster for you. He further states that under his desk glass he has a couple of enlargements of the old *Chelan* and one of the crews of the older days. Maybe Steve Emerson, Moose Milk Markle, Georgie Grabbee, Earl Rickman, Race Boat Johnson, Doc Wilhoit, Tim Dugan, Bob Bushey, D. D. Clark, Bill Wainwright, Red Amazon, and Gunner's Mate Vaughn will remember the same 1935 Bering Sea patrol. How about that? But I'm agreeing with Dougherty when he says we will have to scour the globe to find the same gang today. Yep, it's no picnic for the boys in Alaska and they, too, should deserve recognition for the work they are doing. From me to you, fellows, good luck, and here's hoping I'll be seeing you but, heaven forbid, not in your present location.



"NOW, JUST HOW frequently do these splitting headaches occur?"

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This Lux Soap lather goes to town  
It takes the dirt and grime-o  
It leaves my carcass feeling swell  
And costs less than a dime-o!\*



Oh, boy, oh joy, Lux is the soap for me! Never saw a soap to clean so fast and thor-o-lee! Leaves the pan completely neat—for aching dogs it is a treat—I'll say. you'll say—Lux is the soap for me!

\*At your Ship's Service Store



Lux Toilet Soap—  
Satisfied Sailors say  
it can't be beat!



## Casualties

U. S. COAST GUARD

### ALABAMA

NALL, Carl Leroy, Seaman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. William M. Nall, Repton.

### CALIFORNIA

EDWARDS, Gaston Willis, Jr., Water-tender, third class. Wounded. Mother, Mrs. Inez Ethel Edwards, 3735 Lemon avenue, Long Beach.

BRUGGER, Lavern Charles, Chief Motor Machinist's Mate. Dead. Wife, Rita Eva Brugger, 3632 Lyon avenue, Oakland.

### CONNECTICUT

GROUT, Jonathan DeWitt, Lieutenant. Dead. Wife, Mrs. Nancy Grout, Brooklawn Park, Bridgeport

### DELAWARE

HOODOCK, Joseph Lawrence, Jr., Fireman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. Joseph Lawrence Hoodock, Sr., 3021 Madison street, Wilmington.

WOODS, Howard John, Fireman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. Samuel Woods, 1912 W. 2nd street, Wilmington.

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

SHAYER, Frederick Clayton, Machinist's Mate, first class. Wounded. Mother, Mrs. Goldie May Shaver, 926 Virginia avenue, S.W., Washington.

### ILLINOIS

ETCHISON, Homer Nolan, Torpedoman's Mate, third class. Dead. Father, Mr. Homer Etchison, 1508 Sisson street, Lockport.

MISUKONIS, Joseph Stanley, Boatswain's Mate, second class. Missing. Father, Mr. Steve Misukonis, 1009 Greenwood street, Madison.

SANDERS, George Thomas, Seaman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. Thomas Jefferson Sanders, Wolf Lake.

ZEMROZ, Edmund Francis, Motor Machinist's Mate, third class. Dead. Father, Mr. John Zemroz, 2235 North Parkside avenue, Chicago.

### KENTUCKY

OGLESBY, Buel Bennett, Torpedoman's Mate, third class. Missing. Father, Mr. Rethel Oglesby, Beaver Dam.

### LOUISIANA

RAMOND, Alphonse Ferdinand, Seaman, first class. Missing. Mother, Mrs. Claire Gilloly Ramond, 1340 Esplanade avenue, New Orleans.

### MISSOURI

MILLER, Lawrence Gene, Motor Machinist's Mate, first class. Wounded. Father, Mr. James H. Miller, Licking.

### MASSACHUSETTS

CATALONI, Angelo, Seaman, first class. Missing. Father, Mr. Frank Cataloni, 81 Angel street, Mansfield.

DE YOUNG, Joseph A., Boatswain's Mate, first class. Dead. Wife, Mrs. Anita E. De Young, 55 Chatham Road, Everett.

GALARY, Raymond Joseph, Seaman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. Stanley Galary, 10 Abbott street, New Bedford.

McSORLEY, Wilbur John, Ensign. Missing. Wife, Mrs. Ann F. McSorley, 5 Elliott Place, Jamaica Plain, Boston.

PETROLINI, Angelo John, Seaman, second class. Missing. Father, Mr. Henry Petrolini, 270 Washington St., Dedham.

### NEW JERSEY

SESSI, Joseph, Seaman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. John Seppi, 20 Rein street, South River.

### NEW YORK

CATALDO, Leonard Joseph, Gunner's Mate, first class. Dead. Wife, Mrs. Jeanette Cataldo, 2559 34th street, Astoria, Long Island City.

LAVONIER, Robert James, Fireman, first class. Missing. Father, Mr. Louis J. Lavonier, 127 West Cayugn street, Oswego.

### OHIO

RISNER, Paul Richard, Seaman, second class. Missing. Father, Mr. Richard H. Risner, Kenton.

### OKLAHOMA

SHUCK, David Rowe, Seaman, first class. Dead. Mother, Mrs. Mae Etta Shuck, 314 South Columbus street, Picher.



### PENNSYLVANIA

MISSBACH, Richard Howard, Fireman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. Max Missbach, 1320 North 12th street, Reading.

STEWARTZ, Stanley Sylvester, Seaman, second class. Missing. Father, Mr. Albert J. Stewartz, 210 River Road South, Pottstown.

### RHODE ISLAND

PIRRI, Joseph, Seaman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. Frank Pirri, 39 Bourne street, Bristol.

### TENNESSEE

ELAMAN, Woodrow, Seaman, second class. Missing. Wife, Mrs. Pauline Elaman, Greenbrier.

### TEXAS

KOCH, Delmar Harold, Seaman, first class. Missing. Wife, Mrs. Eulene Koch, 616 Bailey street, Forth Worth.

MINOR, Walter B., Quartermaster, third class. Missing. Sister, Mrs. Dessie Minor Ormsbee, 4525 Sycamore street, Dallas.

NICHOLS, Boyce Ray, Seaman, first class. Dead. Father, Mr. Boyce Nichols, Albany.

SANDERS, Carver Glenn, Boatswain's Mate, second class. Missing. Mother, Mrs. Almedia Sanders, 2400 Culebra avenue, San Antonio.

### WISCONSIN

HOFFMAN, Elmer Carl, Torpedoman's Mate, second class. Dead. Father, Mr. Arthur G. Hoffman, Franksville.

## REPORT

From December 7, 1941, to June 30, 1942, Coast Guard aviators searched and patrolled 17,842,231 square miles and cruised 2,245,357 miles. Coast Guard aircraft located 508 survivors of torpedoed vessels, directing surface vessels to their rescue; in addition, 27 badly injured men were picked up and taken ashore for hospitalization.

## PEACE WITH HITLER?

CHRISTIANS WHO dream and speak of a "Christian peace" with Hitlerism should ponder deeply this affirmation by Hitler himself: "Nothing will prevent me from tearing up Christianity root and branch—We are not against the hundred and one different kinds of Christianity, but against Christianity itself. All people who profess creeds are traitors to the people. Even those Christians who want to serve the people will have to be suppressed. I myself am a heathen to the core."



TO MR. AND MRS. William Raymond, at Port Arthur, Tex., a daughter, Averil Ray, seven pounds.

To Mr. and Mrs. George E. Alexander, at Astoria, Ore., a son, eight pounds.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Mosley, at Savannah, Ga., a daughter, Carmela Leacy, six pounds.

To Lieut. and Mrs. Arthur Berteaux, at Boston, Mass., a daughter, Frances Clair, five pounds.

To Mr. and Mrs. Francis Bronski, at Atlantic City, N. J., a son, Frank Joseph. (This is the first grandchild for Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. Frank Bronski.)

To Seaman and Mrs. Ernest L. Schultte, at West Palm Beach, Fla., a daughter, Carolyn Jean, seven pounds.

To CMoMM and Mrs. Ray C. Nelson, at Vidalia Ga., a son, nine pounds.

To Walter (MoMM2c) and Mrs. Sumner, at Pittsburgh, Pa., a son, Gary William, weight seven pounds and nine ounces.

To Lieutenant and Mrs. Chester Caton, at Everett, Mass., a son, Chester Mark.

To Charles (SM2c) and Mrs. Givens, at Key West, Fla., a daughter.

To Lieutenant Commander and Mrs. James McIntosh, at Boston, Mass., a daughter, Karen Marie.

# Nothing too good for the boys!

Plain or  
Menthol-iced

It's a Cream—  
not a Grease!



Photo by Wm. Ritter

"Promise me you'll come back when you  
get that bottle of Mennen Skin Bracer."



# MENNEN

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## KEY WEST CHAMPS

A SWASHBUCKLING crew of Coast Guardsmen, as stalwart as the pirates of old who roamed the seven seas, are laying claim to one of the best Service ball clubs in the nation.

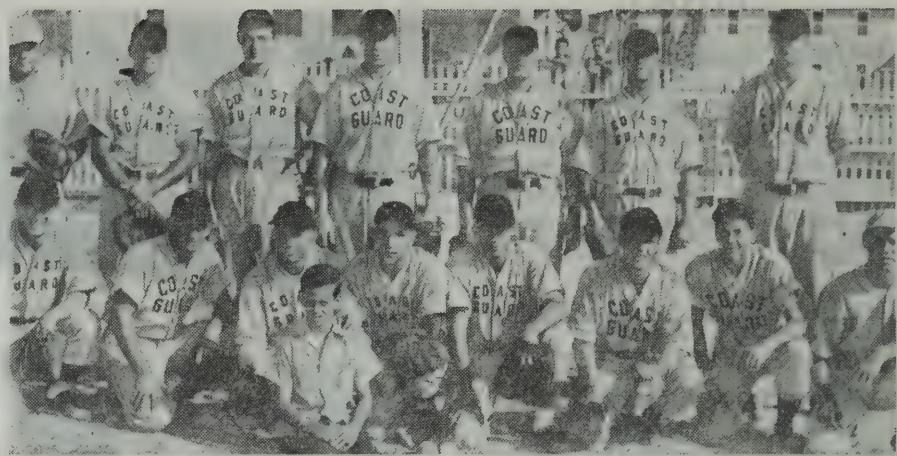
Their idols are currently the hottest aggregation in the top-flight Service Men's League of Key West, Fla., and with a star-studded array of talent from the major and minor circuits, they're defying one and all to bid for the diamond crown which perches so jauntily atop their sun-tanned heads.

Lieut. (j.g.) Fred C. Pierson, star football and baseball mentor from the hotbed of sport at Wilmington, Ohio, and former Ohio State luminary, is their pilot.

New York Yankee-owned Ed Kacanowicz, of Kewanee, Ill., 205 pounds of blinding speed and fast-breaking curves, is their muscleman. The mound staff also includes Hal Manning, hefty flinger for the Buffalo Bisons and diminutive Red Campbell, dip ball artist of the same International League club.

The infield and outfield have former collegiate and professional aces, too, with a number of high-stepping Texans predominating.

Last year this team went through the entire campaign of the fast island loop and ended up in first place with 18 triumphs and six defeats. This summer the club is red hot and apparently is heading for



THIS STURDY BUNCH of Coast Guardsmen stationed in Key West make up one of the best Service teams in the nation. Front row: Estill C. Campbell, Morris Tannenbaum, Lieut. (j.g.) Irving Cumbie, Joseph Mingione, John S. Walton, Kenneth L. Schoonmaker, Charles Barbosa, Jr., and Charles E. Nall. Back row: Cyrus M. Butt, Albert R. Deluca, Everett Scarbrough, Lieut. (j.g.) Fred C. Pierson, John W. Naugle, Jr., James W. McNally, and Edward Kacanowicz. The bat boy in front is Robert Brown, a Key Wester.

another pennant, despite the strong opposition from all quarters of the nine-team circuit.

In three appearances this year Kacanowicz has already pocketed one perfect game. In 1943 he notched a pair of no-hitters and had more than a half-dozen one-hit scalps dangling from his belt.

Then he climaxed the season when an all-star outfit invaded Miami for a benefit dou-

ble-header against the cream of the crop from all service activities in that sector.

All he did was limit the Magic City's prides to three measly blows in the first encounter and then smack a home run in the nightcap for three runs and the second victory of the day.

Lieut. (j.g.) Irving Cumbie, stellar outfielder, also distinguished himself with five hits and five times to the plate

# NEW *instant* WAY TO SMART HAIR GROOMING!

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Brylcreem comes in a giant tube that's easy to stow...no breakage. Convenient and economical to use too! Try it today.



Over 27 Million Packages Sold Yearly!

National Distributor, RITCHIE & JANVIER, INC., Bloomfield, N. J.

## THREE INVADERS

STARTING THEIR Coast Guard careers nine years ago as surfmen, Charley Austin, BM1c; Edwin A. Fish, CBM, and William H. Rogers, BM1c, are now at Manasquan Inlet Coast Guard Station at Point Pleasant, N. J., after serving overseas as coxswains of landing barges at Guadalcanal.



Austin

They're typical of Coast Guardsmen who know how to handle small boats and whose knowledge is pressed into service on all invasion fronts.

Austin holds a unit citation for his South Pacific duty. Guadalcanal work-

outs exacted 30 pounds of him and an appreciation for his return to the U. S. A. last June.

Fish was six months in Guadalcanal and for one year was on the all-Coast Guard-managed transport *Hunter Leggett*. Of his time at Guadalcanal he says, "I was lucky. All I lost was 45 pounds." Like his friends he has brought back several Jap souvenirs. He keeps his medals and ribbons in a drawer. "People ask too many questions about them," he said.



Fish



Rogers

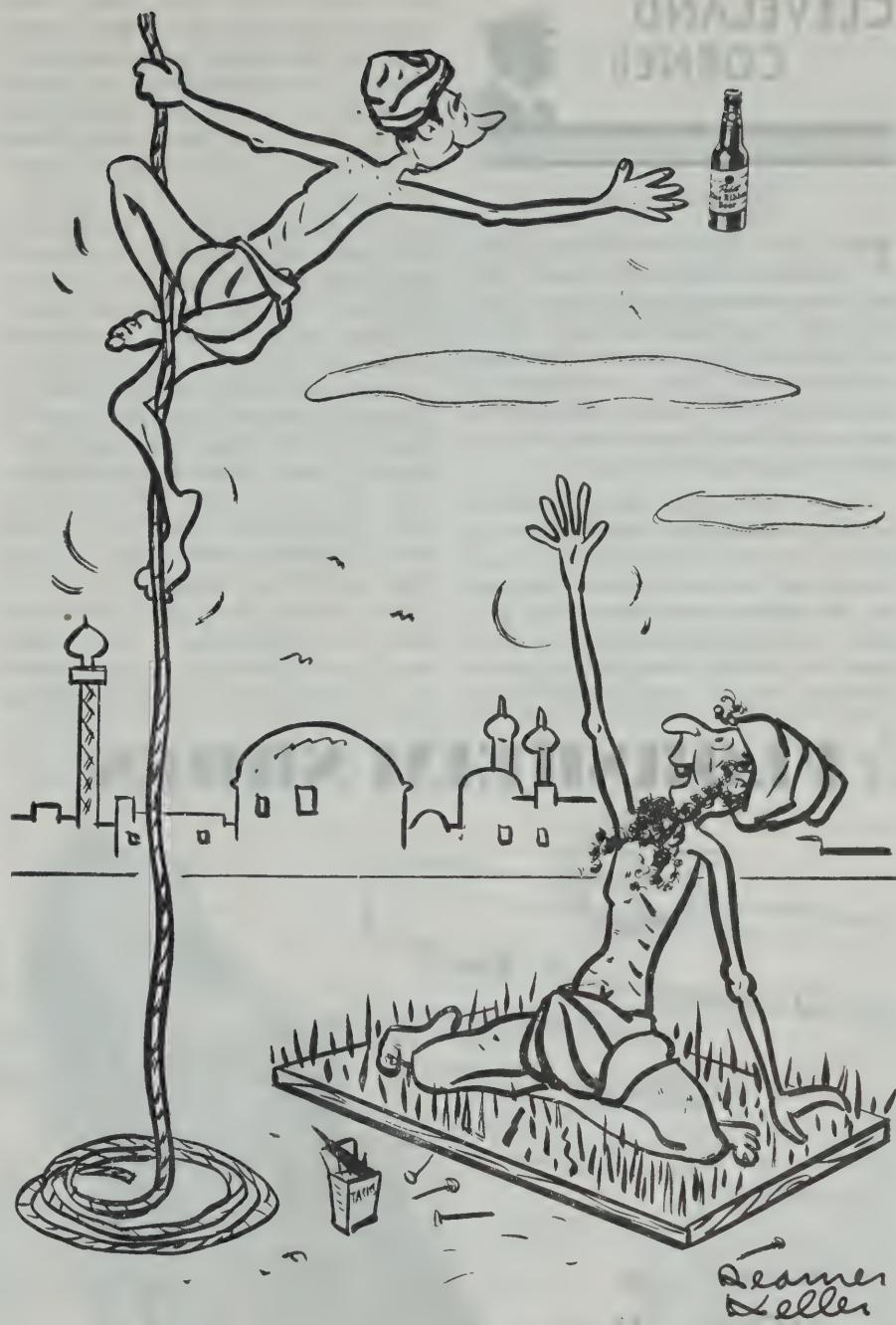
Rogers was in Guadalcanal for 22 months. Previously he was on a ship which was torpedoed, and he spent 22 months in New Hebrides. He came back to the U. S. A. last November. He sustained a loss of 20 pounds during this combat duty. It wasn't

until he returned to Manasquan that he sprained his ankle, while being relieved from watch duty.

Skipper of the Manasquan Station is Lieutenant (j.g.) John D. Daisey, another Coast Guardsman who started his military service as a surfman. He is a veteran of 19 years, a brother of Dolphin D. Daisey, BM1c, of Belleport, L. I., Station.

Traffic Cop: "Say you! Didn't you see me wave at you?"

Sweet Coed: "Yes, but I go steady, so you're wasting your time."



"BRING ME DOWN A BOTTLE OF BLUE RIBBON"

33 FINE BREWS  
BLENDED INTO  
ONE GREAT BEER



Copy. 1944, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

# CLEVELAND CORNER



By DON JORDAN

THE COAST GUARD MAGAZINE recently included an item in this "corner" telling of the splendid cooperation lent to the local Coast Guard band and Spar recruiters by Captain Roger C. Heimer. Since that column went into type, Captain Heimer has been relieved of his command afloat and has become the District Coast Guard Officer of the St. Louis, 9th Naval District.

At the time Captain Heimer was assisting in Cleveland's Spar recruiting effort he became acquainted with the Cleveland Coast Guard band and was favorably impressed by the excellent entertainment they provided. Just about this time the boys in the band were getting restless playing around Cleveland while so many of their buddies

were heading for the action lanes. They thought it would be great to ship out as a group and all get duty on the same vessel. Through the recommendations of Captain Ralph W. Dempwolf, local DCGO, and Captain Heimer, the musical gang realized their desire and landed on Atlantic transport duty.

So it was that Cleveland's leading dance band, easily one of the Coast Guard's best aggregations, left these parts for sea duty. We haven't seen top-notch musical entertainment since. The bunch that departed—when or where to, is, of course, restricted information—stood like this: Allen P. Dudley, Lawrence R. Pettingill, John W. Brown, John K. Enger, Lawrence Stewart, George C. Means, George H. Reed, William Eylar, Lavern D. Schenck, Florian Czapinski, Howard Cable, Enio Penza, Armand Biazzo, Willard E. Staub, Albert E. Coulthurst, and Edward Spanur.

Each of these men, aboard ship, holds down the regular duties of his particular rating, and in addition, every free hour and all liberty time is spent in preparing

orchestrations, planning new gags, and revising their program in order to maintain an up-to-the-minute show.

## MUSIC BUILDS MORALE

The preceding explanatory lead-up brings us to a letter which this scribe relays to you as a sequel to our former items on Captain Heimer and the Cleveland band. This letter was recently received by Captain Heimer and comes from Lieut. William Helvestine, Ship's Morale Officer who was formerly attached to COTP, Detroit. We quote, with Captain Heimer's permission:

"Dear Captain Heimer:

"My purpose in writing is to keep you abreast of developments on the ship insofar as activities are concerned, as I know your interest in her is high. First, about the splendid band which your foresight placed aboard. This has been a particular source of enjoyment to me because the 'Exec' has seen fit to send me with the band whenever it plays ashore.

"My connection with the band dates back to sometime in late February when an informal committee from the band asked me if I would care to become associated with the group and assist in getting underway a program which would bring good publicity to the Coast Guard. Sitting in the middle of nowhere, as we were, and nothing to do in the way of extra-curricular activity, I decided that I would aid them to the extent I was capable.

## POPULAR FEATURE

"At that time we were up where we made a trip last year when you were in command—the Avenger was sunk on that run. There were several other ships in our group and I arranged to do two shows aboard each. They went over so big that I was sold on the idea that this outfit could do a world of good over here where entertainment of any sort is at a premium. The skippers of each of these ships expressed their thanks to the Captain and shortly thereafter I obtained permission for the band to do some jobs at a large city about forty miles away. We were granted a '48' and left on a Saturday morning.

"On Sunday we put on a show at the Red Cross for about 600 service men and the band brought down the house. That night we did two benefit performances for the British Army and were royally received.

"Upon arriving at our present port we contacted the Red Cross here and we were booked to play at various Army and Navy camps and one Army hospital. This was a heavier schedule than I had anticipated because I had some hesitation about getting permission from the 'Exec.' This worked itself out, however, as favorable reports from our first engagement started coming in.

"The deluge of complimentary reports began to really sell the Captain on the band. They came in with a high degree of regularity and, taking notice, he stated to me, 'Good entertainment is as important over here as good equipment.'

## ★ FLORSHEIM SHOES ★



Most American Officers select Florsheim Shoes because it is only natural for them to prefer the Florsheim Standard of Quality that was their choice in civilian life. The superior fit, comfort and longer wear of Florsheims are duplicated in a complete line of styles for the Army, Navy, Marine and Air Corps. All military shoes comply with service specifications—straight inside line, extended heel, built-up arch, broad toe, oil-treated soles.

Write for the address of your nearest Florsheim dealer or store

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE CO. • CHICAGO  
Manufacturers of Fine Shoes for Men and Women

"In my opinion this band is doing a wonderful job for the Coast Guard and I hope that some day the boys get just recognition for their efforts. We played the same Army hospital twice and the entire staff thinks the Coast Guard is the best outfit afloat!"

"I can truthfully state that if any Coast Guardsman ever needs medical attention, all he need do it report to the 115th Station Hospital and he will be royally welcomed."

"Last night a Colonel came up to me, identified himself as the chief censor at the hospital, and told me that all censors were reporting that almost every patient had written home about the band. He thanked me for their appearance."

"Another job which we did was at a remote Navy amphibious base where about 2500 men are stationed. To get there you must take a ferry and then still travel 55 miles overland. We arrived as scheduled and set up to do a show at 2000 as arranged. There were about a thousand men jammed into a large Quonset hut and about 800 more milling around outside, trying to get in. To quiet those who couldn't get in the recreation officer prevailed upon us to stay and do a second show that night. I hesitated to do this because that meant missing the ferry but I agreed reluctantly when they promised to furnish trucks to drive us back that night, over another route."

"We got back to the ship at 0410. We



"IT HAS BECOME an established fact that not only does the Coast Guard patrol our home shores but the Coast Guard is also active on all fronts."

were held up because after the first show it was tough to clear the hall to let the men outside in for the second show. Chaos reigned because the men who had seen the first show tried to get back in to hear the second show—the applause was deafening. You can picture for yourself what high esteem the Coast Guard now rates among that bunch of Navy men.

"I feel that all of the adversities we encounter do have some merit for they make the accomplishments more lasting. I hope that, after the invasion, the band can go on tour and extend its good-will over a wider area."

"Well, he looks like a six-year-old."

"Sir, I have been married only four years."

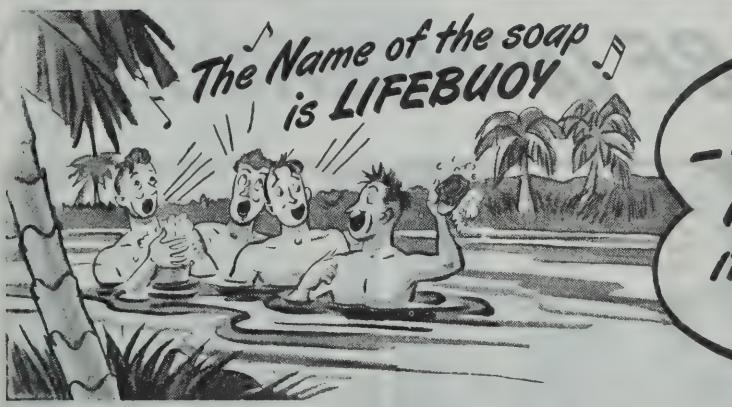
"Lady, I'm not asking for a confession. I'm asking for a half-fare."

"Why were the two little ink-spots crying?"

"'Cause their father was in the pen finishing out a sentence!"

"What is the Mason-Dixon Line?"

"It's the division between you all and youse guys."

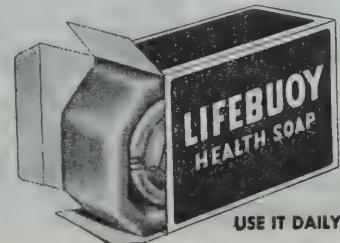


## THE WINNER!

—in nationwide poll of service men

Men in uniform know a good thing when they see it! That's why they rated Lifebuoy tops in a nationwide survey. They know that Lifebuoy gets a fellow really clean, *Lifebuoy clean...* is a swell pep-

per-upper when you're hot, tired and sweaty. If you don't use Lifebuoy already, grab a big, refreshing cake at your nearest PX or ship's store. Use it in your daily bath or shower to stop "B.O."



SAVONA KING likes her two jobs—modeling and professional dancer. Was one of the lovelies at the Copacabana and the Versailles, New York night clubs. Fond of horseback riding and swimming. Height 5 ft. 9 in. Weight 123 lbs.

## SEATTLE SEARCHLIGHT

SEATTLE, THE HOME of green grass, apples, spring rains the year around, and Keith Jorgenson. A wonderful country, and lucky indeed is the one who is stationed in or near here.

Several new men have been transferred from various war zones into the 13th Naval District lately. A few of them are "Jim" Thompson, WT3c, recently returned from almost three years in the South Pacific. He decided to make it a double celebration, and on his arrival in God's Country he married an old school-day sweetheart. He gives a "Hello, Gang" to all of his old shipmates. N. M. "Triff" Triffetts, MM1c, was transferred here from the *Haida*. Triffetts swapped with Tom Gearheart, MoMM1c, and now both are happy.

Many old-time Bos'n Mates and others will be interested to know that Fireboat Station No. 1 in Seattle is under the command of Bos'n Harry Morse. Bos'n Morse would like to hear from Oldrich Vlach, CBM.

We see that our old shipmate "Beans" Gorman, MoMM3c, is back from New York City and Boston. While away he attended school at Long Island, and participated in several War Bond drive shows. Gorman served a hitch in 1929 in the C. G. and after returning to civilian life was engaged in show business all along the West and Gulf Coasts. He would like to



ONE OF THE BIG Coast Guard news stories of the war is likely to deal with the work of Captain Myles Imlay. Captain Imlay was recently given a spot promotion to his present rank in recognition of outstanding achievements in the European theater of war.

hear from "Mike" McKenna, formerly of the Alert. Mike can drop him a line care of Seattle District.

Fellows who were on the *Haida* in '38 or thereabouts will be interested to know

that "Jack" (OnePunch) Hussey, former boxer and ace fireman of the *Haida* is back in uniform again, and is now MM1c. Hussey gives a hello to Frank Reed, Y3c, in '38, and Joe Ferguson, AMM1c. Yes, he married the girl and is now settled down.

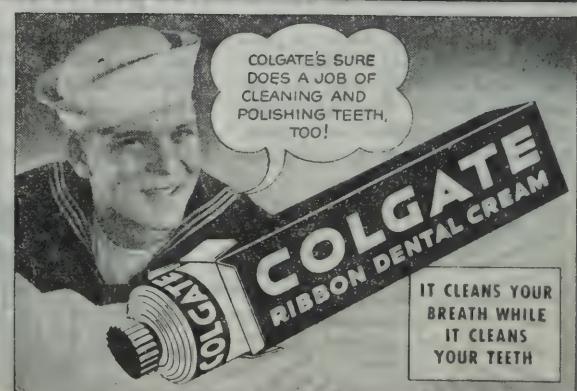
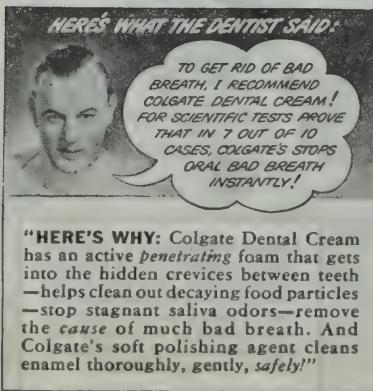
### SEEN ABOUT THE STATION

Smith, MM2c and Walker, MoMM1c, trying to convert this Seattle sunshine into a California suntan. . . . Logsdon, MM1c, rushing to be the first in chow line, and somehow the last one to leave. . . . Koster, SC2c, making stew and then scampering on liberty before the crew has a chance to get at him after tasting of it. . . . "Spook" Helaney, SC1c, looking at a cow and thinking wistfully of Omaha, his home town. "Spook" says hello to Lyle D. Knight, SC1c, of Port Angeles. . . . Norman, CMM, fondly pressing and caressing his new suit of tropical worsted greys. . . . Moore, CBM, trying to dock his ship on a calm day and, after several beautiful landings at the neighboring dock, saying, "Wow, what a wind."

Brown, CSp, wiping the smoke from a lifetime of fires out of his eyes. . . . Bouffou wheeling the firetruck out of the station on a fire call. . . . Irwin Levy, Mo MM1c, sleeping late at home in the morning and then calling the station and blaming his car for not hearing the alarm clock.

Bob Chiplis, Cox, acting yeoman, writing a letter to Henry Ford, asking the secret of keeping his Model "A" running

# NURSES CAN BE DANGEROUS!



## SOBRIETY AFLOAT

WE OFFER a toast to Vice Admiral H. K. Hewitt, USN, who has boldly urged the drinking of beer on ships of the United States Navy. Landlubbers may not know it, but the fact is that the Navy has an old and firm prohibitionist tradition. Nothing more intoxicating than sarsaparilla may soothe the esophagus of an American seaman when he is at sea. When he is off duty and on dry land, if we may mix a metaphor, he may, of course, turn to more solacing stuff. It is said, indeed, that occasionally he does—which only goes to show that American sailors are not teetotalers by instinct or inclination.

Admiral Hewitt says frankly that the ban on all alcoholic beverages has a markedly unfavorable effect upon the morale of the enlisted personnel. They observe British seamen getting rum rations on board His Majesty's ships, operating often in the same waters as American vessels. They don't like it. And as a crowning indignity, they have frequently been called upon to ferry supplies, including beer, for the consumption of American army men at combat posts ashore. That really hurts.

We do not believe that the fighting efficiency or even the moral tone of the United States Navy and Coast Guard would be injured by the issuance, in reasonable quantities, of refreshment that cheers and yet mildly inebriates. Quite a few of our seamen are tough, brawny fellows unlikely to



SPAR RECRUITER Rosemary Young tells a quartet of Seattle, Wash., girls a few facts about the Spars. And it is our guess that Evelyn Johnson, Maryan Tollefson, Dot Costello and Gwen Patterson will soon be wearing the colorful garb of Coast Guard Spars.

be fazed by an occasional glass of grog. It might well, indeed, prove relaxing or inspiring to them in some of the tight pinches through which they sail.



# "Tried and True"

For RELIEF in

HEADACHE  
SIMPLE NEURALGIA  
MINOR STOMACH UPSETS  
OR OCCASIONAL ACID  
INDIGESTION

IN PACKAGES  
OR BY THE  
GLASS



# Alka-Seltzer

AT ALL  
DRUG STORES

- PROFESSIONAL
- SCIENTIFIC
- NAUTICAL
- GENERAL
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**\$50**

# Annual Awards

## ANNUAL AWARDS

**I**N ORDER TO encourage and to foster the study of technical, professional and military (or naval) subjects, and, further, in order to make it possible for new ideas, suggestions and pertinent discussions to be brought forth from the officers and enlisted men of the Coast Guard, the U. S. COAST GUARD MAGAZINE takes pleasure in establishing two annual cash awards, each in the amount of fifty dollars.

The awards are not intended to be looked upon as the purchase price of the winning documents. Rather, the awards are intended to serve as goals which may prompt officers and enlisted men to prepare articles dealing with subjects pertinent to the Coast Guard and which, upon being published, will be of personal and professional interest to other officers or enlisted men.

## OFFICERS

**T**HE ANNUAL AWARD for officers is separate and distinct from the Annual Award for enlisted men. There is some reason to believe that Coast Guard officers have heretofore been loath to prepare manuscripts because there was no Service-wide medium for bringing their manuscripts into proper focus. Although the pages of the U. S. COAST GUARD MAGAZINE have always been open to officers (as well as to enlisted men), an incentive such as the Annual Award (and the resultant recognition) has been missing.

The Annual Award hopes to bring about a more general and universal discussion of matters which are of interest to all officers.

If no manuscript is judged worthy of the Annual Award, the prize money will be carried over to the next twelve-month period, making a total of \$100 for the subsequent period.

## ENLISTED MEN

**T**HE ANNUAL AWARD for enlisted men is, of course, separate and distinct from the Award for officers.

The Award for enlisted men is expected to result in deserved recognition being accorded many writers. Although only one writer can win the Award, other writers will win greater recognition than has been possible heretofore.

The same conditions applying to the Award for officers apply to the Award for enlisted men.

Much brilliant journalism on the part of enlisted men has heretofore gone unrecognized and unrewarded. The Annual Award aims to remedy this condition and further aims to encourage new and, as yet, undiscovered writers.



## RULES

**1. SUBJECTS.** Subjects may be selected by the writers. While it is hoped that many articles of a technical and professional nature will be forthcoming, equal value will be placed upon articles dealing with personal or personnel problems, fiction, humor, morale, or any other subjects selected by the writers.

**2. CENSORSHIP.** Articles touching upon subjects which are of military or naval importance will be cleared (by the editor) through proper channels in order to give assurance to writers that their material will not result in the publication of information contrary to the interests of the country in general and the Coast Guard in particular.

**3. RESTRICTIONS.** The only restrictions placed upon material submitted is that articles must not be based upon direct criticism of official policies.

**4. PUBLICATION.** In order to qualify for the Annual Award an article must be considered worthy of publication in one of the monthly editions of this Magazine.

**5. DECISION.** At the end of a twelve-month period all articles which have been published in this Magazine during that period will be reviewed and scrutinized. The writers of the two articles which, in the judgment of the editor, are outstanding will be presented with the Annual Awards.

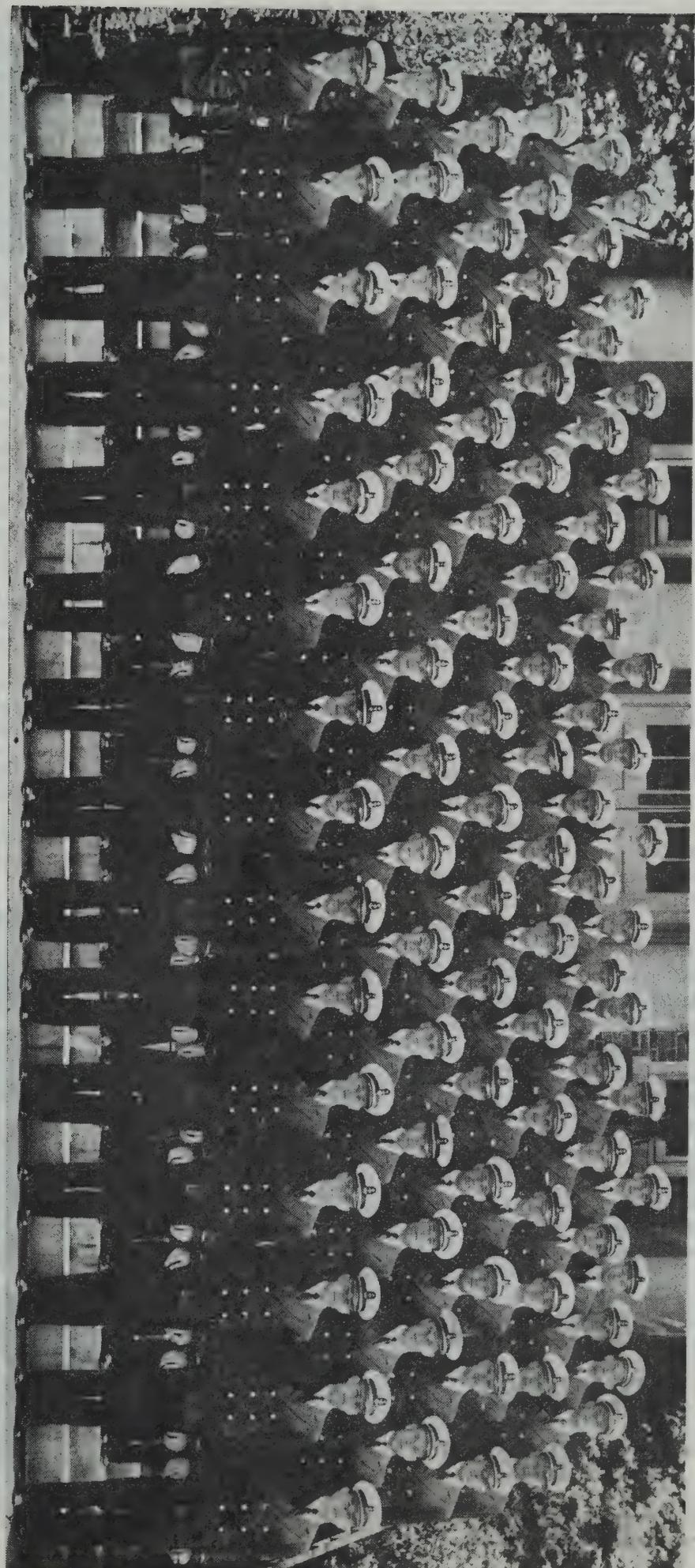
**GROUPS.** In order that officers and enlisted men may feel no sense of restraint in their writings, there will be neither comparison nor competition between articles submitted by officers and enlisted men.

**EXPECTATIONS.** It is expected that, because of the very nature of their duties, officers will usually write about subjects associated with the professional or technical skills of Coast Guard life. However, this places no restrictions upon writings in a lighter vein.

Technical or professional articles will be most welcome from enlisted men, but men desiring to write in a personal, fictional or humorous vein can be assured that their articles will be given equal consideration with those of a weightier nature.

**TIME.** The first Annual Award will be based upon articles published prior to July 1, 1945, representing the period between July 1, 1944, and July 1, 1945. However, articles received during the months of May and June, 1944, will be considered eligible for the first Annual Award.

# Graduating Class, United States Coast Guard Academy



**C**ADETS OF THE CLASS OF 1945 at the U. S. Coast Guard Academy, New London, Conn., line up on the steps of Hamilton Hall, administration building, before their graduation and commissioning, June 7, 1944.\*

First row (left to right): Donald H. Rollo, Carl Blanchett, Frank Barnett, Parker O. Chapman, Raymond G. Parks, Jr., John B. Wade, William H. Boswell, Herbert R. Harris, David A. Webb, Paul T. Ryan, Richard W. Goode, James H. Durree, William E. Fuller, Jr., George E. Williams, David H. Rasmussen.

Second row (left to right): Bernard S. Brown, Joseph A. Montagna, Andrew Wof-

ford, James T. Maher, Andrew Mazzotta, Robert D. Johnson, Peter S. Branson, John B. Lape, Jr., Carroll H. George, Clyde C. Coffindaffer, Donald B. Crews, Clarence R. Easter, George F. Thometz, Jr., Frederick W. Hernez, Jr., James L. Harrison.

Third row (left to right): William E. Murphy, Richard S. Lodge, Ricardo A. Ratti, Theodore C. Rapalus, Milton L. McGregor, James E. Murphy, John D. Mc- Cann, Ellsworth A. Winnette, Virgil N. Woolfolk, Jr., Robert J. Donovan, Worthy B. Lynn, Vance K. Randle, Jr., Lilibourn A. Pharris, Jr., Albert J. McCullough, Richard L. Bailey, Jr.

Fifth row (left to right): Harry N. Jones, II, Robert F. Henderson, James A. Hodgman, Wesley M. Thorson, Paul R. Peak, Jr., John B. Freeman, Robert C. Phillips, John M. Dempsey, Jr., Edward D. Middleton, Jr., Homer G. Anderson, Robert C. Boardman, Joseph K. Everton, Harvey E. Dilcher, Jeremiah M. Stark.

The Academy has announced the return to the pre-war four-year academic course effective a few days ago with the entry of 150 new cadets.

\*Not shown: James W. Crawford, Jr., Charles M. Daniel, George W. Wagner, Arthur A. Fontaine.

# WHY CARRY UNPROTECTED CASH?

TICKETS



It is so easy to safe-guard yourself against loss. All you do is convert your travel funds into American Express Travelers Cheques before you leave. This simple transaction provides you with funds spendable everywhere like cash, and if lost or stolen, uncountersigned, the loss is promptly refunded to you. This protection costs little — only 75¢ on every \$100 worth of Cheques you buy. Minimum, 40¢. They come in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100, compact and snug, in flexible check-book style. Obtainable at Banks and Railway Express offices, and at many Camps and Bases. Ask for

**AMERICAN  
EXPRESS  
TRAVELERS  
CHEQUES**

## EASY PICKINGS AT EMIRAU

Coast Guard Invaders, Ready For Suicide Job, Seize Island Under Jap's Nose Without Loss Of Life.

By WILLIAM A. HAFFERT  
Coast Guard Combat Correspondent

**A**BOARD A Coast Guard-Manned Attack Transport in the South Pacific (Delayed)—For playing the major role in landing crack Marines at Emirau Island within 200 miles of the key Jap New Guinea base of Rabaul, Coast Guard Invaders were cited by the Navy and given the highly-prized "Well Done" by Admiral William Halsey, Commander of the Naval Forces in the South Pacific.

Manning the largest and only conventional type assault transport employed in the operation, the Coast Guardsmen put ashore the majority of men and equipment used in the surprise landing, deep within the circle of Japanese installations in the Bismarck Archipelago.

Not a single life was lost from enemy action in seizing the beautiful coral-bound island which is less than 100 miles north of Kavieng and within 200 miles of Rabaul.

Instead of bullets, grim faced marines put ashore at Emirau were greeted by grinning Polynesians who ran down to the palm-fringed beach to greet them with friendly salutes. The nearest Jap garrison was reported to be 15 miles away, on mountainous Massau Island.

Bombers and fighting planes continuously pounded enemy airfields in the Kavieng area of New Ireland, less than 100 miles to the south, and on New Britain at Rabaul, another 100 miles southward, during the 14-hour landing operations. Several submarines reported to be operating in the area were kept at bay by a ring of fighting ships.

Captain A. D. Blackledge, USN, acting commodore of the transport division engaged in the operation, who used this Coast Guard vessel as a flagship, dispatched the following message to the ship's skipper, Captain D. C. McNeil, USCG.:

*"The outstanding performance of your ship in the just completed operation is most commendatory. The fine spirit, industry and teamwork exhibited by all hands resulted in successful completion of a difficult assignment in the minimum of time. To the officers and crew . . . ."*

Then followed the coveted and traditionally highest words of praise employed by the Navy and by Admiral Halsey:

*"Well Done."*

With receipt of this message came a wave of relief for the taut-nerved crew. It meant completion of what had been regarded as somewhat of a suicide mission.

For more than 72 hours we had been in an area alive with Japanese submarines and planes, a large and tempting target with our huge cargo of precious lives, munitions and war machines. We felt we were on a "Lone Wolf" mission that might have very disagreeable results.

Shortly after an officer had boarded the ship at the debarkation port with the operations orders, growling, "What are they try-



ENSIGN CLIFFORD L. BENSON (left) and Lieut. (j.g.) Frederick W. Carr, Jr., pause for a drink of coconut milk during their work on Emirau Island in the Bismarck Archipelago. They are, respectively, boat group commander and assistant beachmaster from a Coast Guard-manned assault transport.



SHORT HAIRS SEEMS to be the order of the day for these six Coast Guard Invaders. The styles, left to right, are: The Happy Warrior, The Strip Tease, The War Whoop, The Bare Belfry,

*Six-Minute Egg and Fuller Brush. Drop in at your favorite beauty parlor and ask for one of these South Sea Specials.*

ing to do—kill us?" we began to take aboard munitions, machines and supplies for the Emirau Island invasion.

Deck winches whined, men heaved, and ammunition, jeeps and tanks began to pour into the hatches deep down in the yawning bowels of the ship.

The water-line crept so high that part of the gangway was submerged as cargo kept coming aboard. Working parties labored at a feverish pace throughout the night, under the glare of deck lights. Next morning, 24 hours later, we had taken aboard twice as much cargo as we had ever carried.

Then the troops began to embark, some of them wearing the high boots they were issued before the famous Carlson's raiders were disbanded. Ninety per cent of these

men had been under fire, and most of them had operated in the Pacific area for 18 months or more. They were more reserved than untried troops and moved quietly and quickly to their assigned quarters.

A few hours later we were underway, nestled deep in the screen of escorting fighting vessels, ready to strike another blow at the Japs.

Bright lights within the ship were replaced with red ones so that men going outside to battle stations could adapt themselves more readily to night lookout.

*Just before dark of the final night, the hard-working executive officer, Commander Glenn E. Trester, U. S. Coast Guard, who believes that "the men who work hardest have the best ship," passed the word for outboard boats to be swung*

*out over the side and gripped to the rail, ready for instant lowering.*

Reports began to drift around the mess deck that there were several Jap subs in the vicinity of Kavieng.

One of them was reported to be "more than 400 feet long." Gossip had it that Japs were deserting Rabaul on New Britain and moving 100 miles further north to Kavieng, bringing with them 300 planes and thousands of troops.

Such stories usually are false, but no matter how untrue they may be, at a time like this they are bound to heighten interest in a pending attack.

Marines, boat crew members and the handful of the ship's company that would go ashore as a beach party, to aid in securing a beachhead and unload supplies, form-

## SAILOR, meet ... Callie Goode

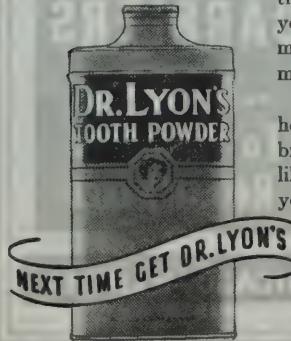
*Her breezy beauty brightens many a magazine cover. She says: "What does a model think about when she smiles for the cameraman? Her teeth . . . she knows they must really glisten. And she knows what makes them glisten. Dr. Lyon's!"*

Because there is nothing else that cleans and polishes teeth more quickly, Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is a "First Choice" . . . just try it!

The records are in. It's the same old story with just one exception . . . the favorite tooth powder—Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder—has become more popular than ever.

Year after year it's Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder that leads the whole parade in popularity. The reason for this preference is easy to explain: You can buy nothing . . . even if you were to pay double the price . . . there is absolutely nothing you can buy which cleans your teeth more quickly, more thoroughly and more pleasantly than Dr. Lyon's.

Get Dr. Lyon's today. Use it. See how it works to reveal the natural brightness of your teeth. And you'll like the way its delightful flavor leaves your mouth feeling clean and fresh.



# DR. LYON'S Tooth Powder

ed a queue in front of the whetstone, sharpening their knives and machetes. Guns were inspected, shined and oiled for the nth time. Men hung over the rails and talked about their girl friends and wives, and when they would get back to the states. Others played cards or lazed in the sun.

By nightfall of the final day we were moving up parallel to Jap-held New Ireland, momentarily expecting action from either subs or planes.

Then, as the quarter moon sank behind a misty horizon, we emerged out of the dawn, close aboard was the dim outline of Emirau. If the Japs had put surprise bulwarks there, we would have been cold turkey for their guns, for we were within 2000 yards of the beach.

Emirau (pronounced E-meer-a) is only a pinprick on a map, but to us it looked large enough to conceal the entire Nipponese army.

The naval task unit which was under the command of Commodore L. F. Reifsneider, commander of the transport division, went into maneuvers. Cruisers took up their positions on the horizon to provide an outer screen. Destroyers ranged close aboard us and in front, ready to open fire immediately should the enemy disclose concealed batteries.

Once ashore, the Marines advanced inland while our boat crews trained their guns to cover the debarkation.



AT A RECENT muster at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., the Purple Heart was awarded to Gunner Brosco by Lieutenant Commander Theo. A. Dahlburg. Brosco is an old-timer who was recalled from the retired list.

We worked at top speed to discharge cargo since an air attack was imminent and we were warned that we would be left to our own resources should the task take longer than nightfall. It was an operation with hair trigger timing from the very

moment we received initial orders back at our base.

Twice our work was interrupted by alerts.

One came at 1000 over the shortwave radio and word was passed over the speakers: "Prepare to repel enemy air attack." Crews never reached their general quarter stations in shorter time. It developed, however, that the approaching aircraft had been identified as friendly.

Two hours later, a destroyer 1,200 yards astern of us, picked up a sound and we maneuvered for a submarine attack that never came.

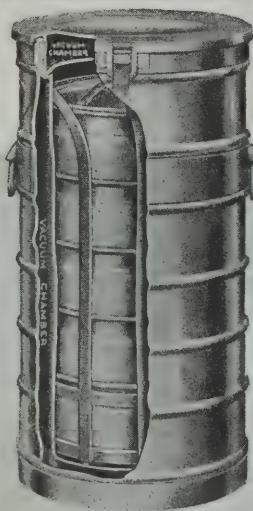
So effective was air and surface protection that none of the task force in the vicinity of the island caught a glimpse of the enemy.

In view of the ease with which this new island was occupied a Navy spokesman commented:

"It proved a brilliant strategic move that probably saved many American lives. It virtually accomplishes as much as a direct assault on Kavieng or even Rabaul."

By nightfall, we were underway again. Behind us lay potentially the largest and most powerful American air base in the Bismarck Archipelago, and Navy Seabees already were at work constructing it.

We were pleased to learn that our job had been "Well Done."



AerVoid vacuum-insulated food carrier, showing 5-pan assembly in carrier.

## Hot Chow A-Plenty For Our Alert and Valorous COAST GUARD

AerVoid vacuum-insulated food, soup and coffee carriers are an efficient method for long-distance servicing of hot foods and beverages in Coast Guard activities. Their high-vacuum insulation keeps hot foods, soups and coffee hot for hours, even when transported miles in outdoor, cold-weather temperatures, with no more effort than putting them into AerVoids and clamping down the cover. All-metal, reinforced construction insures that they will stand up under rough usage and spread their small cost over years of service.

In lighthouse service, patrol service, shore and emergency operations away from base AerVoids are an efficient means of servicing cutters, patrol craft and aircraft with hot foods and beverages. Thousands are now in service in military and naval feeding operations.

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**A**BOARD A Coast Guard-Manned LST (Delayed)—The crew of this Coast Guard-manned LST call her the "Guinea Pig" because it is their belief that she is usually designated the ship to find out how tough things are going to be. Under the

**JUST  
ANOTHER  
TOUGH LST** command of Lt. (j.g.) W. C. Hemeon, of Salem, Mass., she has poked her brunt prow onto the beaches of Lae, Finschhafen, Gloucester, Saidor, and the Admiralty Islands.

Her latest encounter with the Japanese was at Manus Island in the Admiralties, where the strategic Lorengau Airdome is located.

The "Guinea Pig" had been named flagship for this latest assault. In charge of the landing ship with Lieut. Hemeon were Lieut. (j.g.) H. C. Ainsworth, executive officer; Lieut. (j.g.) G. A. McClure, engineering officer, both of Norfolk, Va., and Ensign Dean R. Harris, Des Moines, Ia., and Chief Radioman David Jones, of Midland, Pa.

At 7 A. M. on D-Day, a misty tropical rain had cut visibility to almost nothing. Members of the crew of the "Guinea Pig" were standing by their deck guns, while



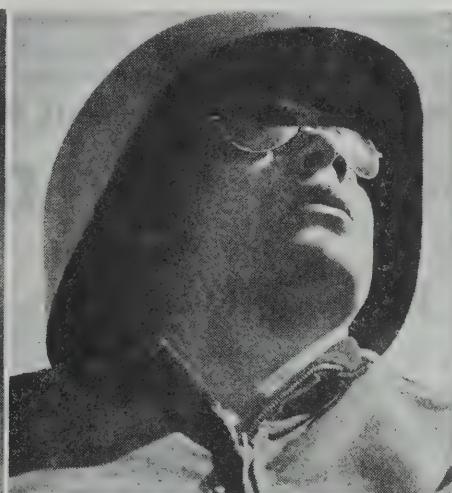
# Overseas With The Invaders

down below decks cavalry men, who were to establish the beachhead, were getting their last few minutes of rest.

Although the ship was still 12 miles from its landing position, belching smoke from Navy destroyers could be seen as the barrage got underway. Guns of the American task force were answered by Jap shore installations. Lieut. Hemeon and his men

found themselves between the shells of the two opposing forces.

For more than an hour the projectiles from U. S. warships ripped into the islands. Their accuracy was amazing. A general on the bridge of the "Guinea Pig" noticed a small hut on a point which was evidently being used as a machine gun nest. He communicated with destroyers, and 30 seconds



YOU WON'T FIND THESE types of headgear described in Milady's fashion page but that's no measure of their popularity with Coast Guardsmen. Top row, left to right: W. J. Gregory models the "Frankenstein" model; B. R. Nichols displays the

smart choice for battle action, and N. J. Yankovich gives a nifty version of the pin-up craze. Bottom row: J. A. Panetta disports the "wrong-way" bonnet; C. J. Fosten likes the anti-tain model, and C. L. Nall goes for the "Comfy" creation.

later the hut disappeared in a blast of explosives and red clay.

Then the LCM's, LCT's, rocket and flak boats came up to join the destroyers. Two PT boats cut back and forth around the "Guinea Pig" like playful porpoises. Their bronze and steel glistened in the tropic heat.

At 8:15 the "Guinea Pig" started to spew forth her alligators—heavily armoured and filled with fighting men. They started towards the beach along with the LCM's.

A rainbow suddenly crossed the sky, and as the storm subsided, the barrage ended, but the silence was then broken by the drone of motors. To the south B-25 bombers were coming in, their wings flashing in the sun which had broken through the clouds.

The bombers wasted little time maneuvering—they headed straight for the beach. Flying at tree-top level, they unloosed their loads, and men on the LST's could see the sticks of bombs hurtling from the bomb-bay doors. Palm trees, gun emplacements, and Japs were blown high in the air in shimmering waves of sound.

Wave after wave of planes came over. Men crowded at the rail of the "Guinea Pig" and cheered each hit, yelling like kids at a circus. After making their runs, the bombers returned to strafe the beaches.

The flyers made their last run at 9:25 and then flew over the craft lying off-shore in salute. The amphibious forces were next to carry on the show, and PT and



LIEUT. COMMANDER Fred W. Nirschel has been awarded the Silver Star for gallantry in action in the South Pacific. He participated in the invasions of Bougainville and the Ellice Islands where he skippered a Coast Guard LST.

flak boats immediately took up the barrage from close inshore.

On board the "Guinea Pig" activity was reaching a climax. Coast Guardsmen stood at their battle stations, cavalrymen were

tending to last minute details before leaving the ship and the bridge hummed with orders being relayed over the communication system.

Shortly after 10 o'clock, the LST grounded on the beach. The jungle was a thick fringe coming almost to the water, making fire possible from all sides. The troops wasted little time on the beach, dashing forward until they needed cover.

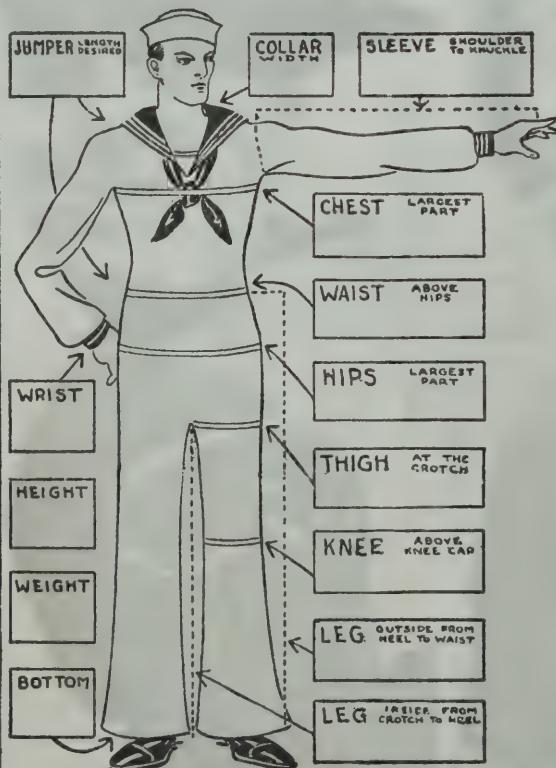
Disembarking was systematic. Bulldozers were the first off, dragging heavy equipment behind them. When machinery stalled in the water, men would jump in and drag it out, never wasting a second. A jeep plunged into the water like a playful pup, paused a moment, choked, and then lunged onto the beach with a grunt that was almost human.

An hour later the "Guinea Pig" rode high and light in the water, completely unloaded. Lieutenant Hemeon grinned as the landing craft pulled away from the beach to take on another load. "It just takes practice," he said, "and we certainly have had plenty of that."

#### NO JURY NEEDED

ABOARD a Coast Guard-Manned Combat Transport at Eniwetok Atoll (delayed). Lieutenant (j.g.) Stephen R. McNichols, once a civilian lawyer, shot a man here today, and then promptly "acquitted" himself of murder.

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The man was a Jap who tried to knife McNichols and the crew of his invasion boat while they were directing water traffic in the assault on Engibi Island in the Eniwetok Atoll.

Describing how he got his first Jap, which admittedly left him with a "funny feeling," McNichols said he first spotted the man swimming about 200 yards offshore and turned his boat towards him.

"I threw him a life ring, at the same time recognizing him as a Jap. I grabbed my Tommy-gun and kept him covered. The life ring fell within arm's length, but he didn't make a move to grab it, and despite my shouts, kept swimming straight for the boat. Finally I yelled for him to stop, but he continued to ignore my commands and motions.

"By this time he was within a few feet of our boat, and we could see him reach underwater at his side and unsheathe a long knife that was so big it looked like a sword. He made a slash at us, and I cut loose with the Tommy-gun.

"He sank like a ball of lead. I had wanted to take him prisoner but he didn't give me a chance."

Lieutenant McNichols is a boat commander attached to this Coast Guard-manned assault transport, and a young veteran of five invasions, including Africa and Sicily. A convincing officer in battle, as Japs, and Germans can testify, he was also able at convincing juries in Denver, Colo., where he was a trial lawyer.—By Dan C. Henkin, C.G. Combat Correspondent.

## HIGBEE HUNTS JAPS

WITH a Coast Guard-Manned LST Fleet Somewhere in the South Pacific (Special)—Loaded from stem to stern with vital equipment and supplies that will have the Japs talking a new language in a few hours, a flotilla of Coast Guard-manned LST's slips quietly through the calm of an early tropical morning. They are on their way to make a surprise landing in Jap-held territory, but although the assignment is dangerous the Coast Guardsmen don't seem to be tense or disturbed about what's to come. There's a feeling of security present because the Flotilla Commander, Com. Frank D. Higbee, Claremont, Cal., is confident of the results.

Higbee-trained crews are a confident lot. They will tell you that the commander is tough, but they'll also add that he knows what he's doing.

Commander Higbee has a theory that the only way to win the war in the Pacific is to kick hell out of the Japs, and he likes to have his men prepared to do their share of the job.

Crew members go through rugged dress rehearsals. There's no slackening down, even in the most strenuous battle practice. When the real thing comes, every man, from the newest arrival to the commander himself, is what is known as "ready."

Higbee, a veteran of 31 years of Navy and Coast Guard service, is a typical family man who saw America first and then set out to serve his country afloat. One daughter, Anne E. Higbee, like her father, joined the Coast Guard and is a Spar. His wife and two other daughters, Joan, 19, and Joyce, 16, live at 225 East Eleventh street, Claremont, Calif.



MESS CALL ON A DESTROYER ESCORT. Space is scarce aboard these fighting craft and the crew's quarters are utilized for mess hall, sleeping quarters and recreation room.



"You mean now that I've got rid of my '5 o'clock Shadow' we'll be seeing more of each other?"

She'll see more of you if you avoid "5 o'clock Shadow". So shave with a genuine Gem Blade and stay face-neat longer.

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Higbee's knowledge of fighting ships and men was obtained the hard way. He rose through the ranks, starting as an apprentice seaman.

Born at Albany, N. Y., Commander Higbee received his primary education in the grade schools of New York state, Iowa and Missouri. In 1913 he graduated from Kansas City high school, and the same year started his Navy career.

Commander Higbee forged ahead as a man of the navy. His responsibilities grew and he became a commissioned officer. In 1924 he began his Coast Guard career which has taken him from the top of the world to the bottom. He served in the Arctic and now carries on in the South Pacific.

It's a long jump from Greenland to the South Pacific where Commander Higbee now watches out for all the Coast Guard LST's in a certain area. But the commander is satisfied, he says, because "there's action ahead."

His first duty in the Coast Guard was navigator of the *Bear*, and strangely enough he made the last two trips on her before she was assigned to Admiral Richard E. Byrd. For ten months Commander Higbee served as Chief of Staff for the Coast Guard's famous Rear Admiral "Iceberg" Smith in Greenland.

During the first World War, Commander Higbee served as an officer on the transports *Mt. Vernon*, *Charles* and *Great Northern*.



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## VICTORY AT AITAPE

(Continued from Page 14)

Those above decks could see the show and guess their chances. The men below, in the hot engine room and powder magazines, could only hope for the best. Chief Engineer Lieutenant George F. Hamilton was below with his men. Howard H. Russell, CMM, was at the throttle answering "Down two" "Up one" as the Captain maneuvered the ship.

In the powder magazine aft, George E. Schultz, CSK, of San Francisco, with Edward B. Devlin, SC1c, of Lowell, Mass., and Lyle E. Schuler, SK1c, of Los Angeles, Calif., were stripped to the waist. Thomas A. Bodine, CSK, of Long Beach, Calif., passed ammunition forward with John Devore, SC3c, of Norfolk, Va., and George Lewis, SM1c, of Baltimore, Md.

The combat team from this ship hit the beach at approximately 0800—*forty minutes later*, deck hatches were off, winches rigged and cargo was going over the side! Now, 12 hours later, those winches are still whining, running the risk of air attack, but the job of getting the supplies ashore until the last pound of cargo has been unloaded—night and day!—will be kept up.

### TASK FORCE

Already supply dumps were growing on the beach. Steel matting led from the LST's, with heavy equipment going forward every moment. The Beach and Task Force command posts were already set up and in operation. Army telephone men had already slung miles of wire.

Everything had gone according to plan. Initial strategy had called for direct attack of the Tadji dromes, lying parallel to the beach, with flanking fire by artillery and heavy mortars. Our initial waves had encountered little opposition. They had pushed 800 yards toward the air strip before any organized resistance was met. General Sherman tanks blasted this bottle-neck to kingdom come and the air strips had already been secured.

In the thin rain, over twenty half-starved Korean natives squatted on their haunches without protest, eyed their armed guard without a sound. The Japanese had brought them in as slave labor. Some of them looked no more than ten or twelve years old. Several, with arms as thin as pipe-stems, wore bloody bandages.

An "Aussie" Lieutenant was sitting outside a hut a short distance away. His black boys, tall, smiling members of the Royal Papuan Constabulary, stood nearby. They were disgusted because they hadn't kill any Japanese as yet. The lieutenant, however, did have a trophy—a bottle of Japanese champagne.

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# AMONG MEN IN UNIFORM

—By HARVEY L. MILLER



## TOO LATE FOR JANET

GEORGE J. JONES, civic leader, Smithville, was concluding an impassioned public address, urging workers in the war supplies factory to call off their strike and go back to work.

"The men in uniform, your sons and brothers, are out there fighting. They need the supplies we make. They are fighting for our children so that the plans we have made for their future shall not collapse," pleaded George J. Jones.

"We want our children," continued George J. Jones, "to prosper and progress in the American way, limited only by their own initiative, intelligence and ability, as it should be in a land of freedom."

"These are the things we highly prize," continued George J. Jones. "the things our soldiers value, the things they are fighting for."

"Keep up free," pleaded George J. Jones, "from dictators who would take all that away."

"Get back to the plant and go to work," concluded George J. Jones, "this is war! You, too, are soldiers in that war. Go back lest some day your conscience plague you with the truth that for every day of idleness at the plant some fighting man, somewhere, was short of some item your work would have supplied. He may die for you out there because you failed him back here."

Boatswain's Mate Steve Nelson sprawled on the beach at Guadalcanal.

"Hell," he muttered, "if I hadn't run out of ammunition I would have gotten out of here." He heaved one last great sigh. If had a sort of burble in it, like when a fellow has blood in his lungs. Then Steve Nelson pillowied his head on his elbows. He sighed no more. He would never sigh again.

\* \* \*

"Why should we go back to work until our terms are met?" asked Big Martin Brown. "that's a lot of talk George Jones gave us tonight. We're concerned chiefly with people right here in Smithville and decent working conditions for Smithville people."

\* \* \*

Tiny Janet Nelson, Smithville, residing only a few blocks from George J. Jones and Big Martin Brown, was only seven years old. But she was smart. She saw mother first crumple up that telegram and then, later, dampen it and press it with an iron and place it in the bible.

"Killed in action," the telegram had said and mother had told Janet she must be brave now because that is the way daddy would have wanted her to be.

So Janet was brave. She kissed mother good night and made believe she did not notice when mother turned her head away so Janet could not see her face.

And then, in her little blue and pink print nightgown Janet went up to bed. True, her chin had quivered a little but mother had not noticed that because the

chin quivered when mother was hugging her real tight after having kissed her good night. No, Janet's mother would never see her cry. Daddy would not want mother to see Janet cry.

But while lying in bed Janet played "Make Believe." She made believe she heard Daddy's footsteps on the stairs even if he was trying to tiptoe quietly. She made believe she could feel his rough chin brush her forehead and she made believe she could smell the faint odor of cigar smoke on his coat.

Finally Janet drifted off to sleep but in the morning she awoke with a sort of an empty ache in her stomach.

But Janet wouldn't tell her mother that. Daddy wouldn't want her to. Little Janet was a pretty good little soldier.

\* \* \*

"We're concerned chiefly with the people here in Smithville," Big Martin Brown had said. But the boys at the factory had begun to lose faith in Big Martin's wisdom and leadership. You see they figured Martin was the kind of guy who couldn't make up his mind because, when Martin heard about little Janet Nelson losing her father on Guadalcanal Big Martin had remarked, "Poor little gal. I wish there was something we could do for her."

There was something Big Martin and fellows like him could have done for little Janet and small fry like her, but in little Janet's case Big Martin was just a bit too late.

## THIS IS THE FINALE

THE FOLLOWING is quoted from an editorial in the *Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch*—

"While there may be such another interior explosion as marked Germany's fall in 1918, it is most improbable that there will be such an upheaval in Japan. German youth's devotion to Hitler and Hitlerism, carefully and systematically and ably inculcated during its most impressionable years, has imbued German youth with fanaticism. But the faith of the Japanese in their Emperor is religious in its quality. Our own forces have found that Japanese fighting men must be killed: they do not yield merely to save their lives.

"Before we, with our brothers-in-arms and brothers-in-blood of Britain, can destroy Japanese militarism by conquering Japan, we shall have to defeat the Nazis as our own leaders fully recognize. But the destruction



THESE FOUR Coast Guard combat photographers have seen much active service. William J. Forsythe (left) is a veteran of North Africa, Sicily and Italy. Jesse C. Dean (second left) has seen action in the Caribbean. Arthur Green and Louis Rothman each have seen much real action in the North Atlantic.

of Japanese power will by no means follow as a matter of course the destruction of Hitlerism. To the contrary, that will be a huge task on its own account.

"Nor will it be accomplished, as our leaders also know, by recapturing and taking island after island, settlement after settlement. It must be accomplished in Japan itself. The Allied powers will not again, we take it, stop short of Berlin. Nor will they stop at some outpost of Japan: they will invade the City of Tokyo."

What intrigues this department is that the sentiment above quoted, with the same opinions now being variously expressed in newspapers throughout the country, is but a long delayed echo of what you read in the COAST GUARD MAGAZINE many months ago. .

Remember reading this in these pages:

"You cannot conquer the enemy's geography without standing on it! Bombings and transport are preludes to the climax. This war will be won when American battalions stand in the streets of Berlin and Tokyo."

## ALL-AMERICANS

MEN IN UNIFORM, who have, in war and in peace, served with and respected such Americans as O'Toole, Fournier, Schultz, Castagna, Petrovich, Cohen and and Sepulveda, will get a kick out of the flannel mouthed theories of a stay-at-home patriot and his subsequent squelching.

It was at one of those rallies where town leaders and military-naval men happen to get together.

"The government," said Mr. Liver Lip, "ought to investigate men who have German or Italian names. They're dangerous."

"Would you start," he was asked, "with the name of Pershing, that used to be the German Pfoersin, or go back as far as Custer, who used to be the German Kuester."

"That's ancient history," said Mr. Swivel Puss.

"Could be," he was told off, "because unless you happen to be a descendant from Sitting Bull or Rain-in-the-Face you don't figure to get by either."

"Would you," he was asked, "go after such names as Nimitz, Spaatz, Eisenhower, or would you also take in fellows whose names are, for instance, Hoover, that used to be Huber; Clark Gable, that used to be Goebel, and such names as Borah, Schmidt and Schneider. Pull names of foreign ancestry out of the muster rolls of services, peace or war, and you'll leave a holiday that never can be filled."

"Maybe you're right," toned down Mr. Know It All.

"Yes," he was told, "there is a guy named Torgenson who blasted fifty Jap caves on Guadalcanal with dynamite. Then there was the little Jew named Rosofsky, whom the world knows as the boxing hero,

Barney Ross, who rubbed out 22 Nips. Or the lad from Philadelphia, named Schmid, who lost his eyes while wiping out several hundred Japs, but not until his buddy, Joe Rivers, American Indian, was killed."

At this juncture in the discussion a veteran Lieutenant Commander joined the group and, shortly left.

"See that fellow that just left here?" Mr. Flannel Mouth was asked. "Well, he joined the service at 18, served 40 years and, placed on the retired list, stayed on active duty to make it 42 straight years of honorable, clean service. He was born in Germany."

"I guess," concluded Mr. Loud Mouth, "I do not know the services very well."

"You wouldn't," he was told, "never having worn a uniform. You know people who blabber about being too old for World War I and too young for the Civil War could have made the Spanish-American!"

Before this thing is over even fellows named Yamashita and Yosukawa will do some very real dying in the interests of the Starry Banner and the ideals it stands for.



IT'S EASY TO SEE why Kay McKenzie, radio star, is a popular favorite with Service men. Kay is currently touring Service hospitals throughout the Nation.

This great United States was made possible by people who fought Indians, blazed trails, drove ox carts and covered wagons from coast to coast. It has continued that way to the most recent flight over Essex, tank action in North Africa or the battle in the Southwest Pacific where General MacArthur recently promoted one of his best fighters from Sergeant to Captain. He happened to have been born in Germany but proved quite willing to die if need be to do his bit to beat Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo. Some people do things for their country, others just shoot off their gums. As Weber and Fields used to say, "You shpeak but nudding comes out!"

The people who made the country and who continue to fight for it may be divided, roughly, into two classes: (a) Those who are Americans by accident of birth, who happen to be born here; (b) Those who chose to be Americans. Both classes have produced grade A, Yankee Doodle, star spangled patriots.

So all the time the answer to the flannel mouthed guy was right there. The same answer that came from the little grey squirrel when the bunny rabbit asked him what he was stowing away for the winter. .

## THE MODERNS

MEN IN UNIFORM, soldiers, sailors, marines, Coast Guardsmen, were seated in a group. Just a bull session. Old Mike, hoary Marine non-com from the last war and recently back from Guadalcanal, had the deck. The subject was the bloody fight on Tarawa.

Old Mike said, "We used to refer to the modern kids as a bunch of gin-drinking, auto necking, movie-crazy jitterbugs. When they showed up in uniforms with their ice cream cones dripping all over the Post Exchange or canteen decks we used to grin. Soft looking kids."

"Not like our time and our fellows at Belleau Wood, we thought."

"Then came Guadalcanal. Good God—and I say that reverently—what men our country turns out! Cold, raw, red courage a dime a dozen. All heroes."

"Think of this business on Tarawa, a stinking little 2 x 4 sand and coral spit that isn't worth a quarter. Kids from the cities, the factories, the prairies and the rolling green hills. Dead, spilled open on the sand, hunched forward under the water on the coral reefs. A million miles from home. Thousands of them."

"Belleau Wood was tough, yeah. But this is tougher. We weren't exactly sissies at Belleau, but we took nothing like Tarawa."

"Well, I can lie awake nights and beg the good God above to forgive me for judging our youngsters wrong. They'll do. Good Lord, how they'll do."

Yes, Mike, the world agrees. They'll do.

## THE MIGHTY INGHAM

In the words of the immortal Lincoln, "The world will little note nor long remember what we say here." So, I guess it will be safe for me to spread a little gossip without worrying about a libel suit.

The near future holds in store a shocking jolt for one of the many Spar barracks. Allan "Simon Legree" Smedburg has made a bid for a transfer as master-at-arms to such an establishment, and his request received the whole-hearted support of the

deck force. In all seriousness, however, the loss of Smedburg will be a severe blow to the efficiency of the ship. The Chief is one of the best in the business, and the unit to which he is transferred will have acquired a darned good bos'n.

We feel it our duty to warn the innocent feminine species that a prize wolf is about to be let loose on a considerable number of days' leave. Let not that long curly hair and neatly trimmed moustache fool you, girls,—it is the result of many grueling

hours before the mirror. Some believe that he wears a hair net when retiring—that may be true, but it cannot be vouched for, since he only gets up on Saturday to prepare the menu for the forthcoming week.

CQM George Amos Ingersoll is also about to bid farewell to the *Ingham* after giving five of his many years of service to the efficiency of the bridge gang. Georgie is going ashore to relieve a Spar for duty afloat. Rumor has it that George still has the first twenty-one dollars he made back in 1898 when he graduated from boot camp at Curtis Bay.

### PAUL DEPARTS

Paul Worthington, BM2c, who recently tied the marital hitch, is among those departing for the beach. Funny what married life will do for a man. Why, just about a month ago, Paul was one of the saltiest gobs aboard. Rumor has it now that he wants to join the horse patrol.

The ship's baseball team is making a name for itself through various recent exhibitions in foreign ports, and every now and then when we get a day or so in the States. Among the big nine are Dominick Scutti, Cox; Woody Douville, Cox; P-47 Manning, GM2c; Bill O'Connell, Cox; Warren Wendt, Cox; Paul Robertson, RM 1c, and Johnny Cummings, Y1c, a newcomer who knocked a couple of 4-baggers in his opening game. Some of the officers aboard have attempted to compete with this team, but were set back in a recent double-header with a double loss. Lieutenant (j.g.) John Waters, pitching for the gold; Lieutenant J. R. Monroe, doing a bit of fancy fielding, and Lieutenant (j.g.) Edward McCarrick, *Ingham* athletic officer, were among those who bowed to the enlisted men in the second game, while Asst. Surg. Robert Eysen pitched in the opener.

### JERGY VISITS

The *Ingham* was recently honored with a visit from an old shipmate, Ensign Keith Jorgenson, author of Jergy's Journal. Jergy was present at one of the three ship's dances during our last visit to the States. It was quite a coincidence when I bumped into Jergy at the New York District Personnel Office. I hadn't seen him since the early part of '42, when he left the Boston District Office for pay clerk school. Some of the crew who were aboard the *Ingham* with him back in '38 are still aboard, and were sure glad to see him back. Drop in to our house again anytime, Jergy—there's always an extra cup of coffee in the CPO quarters for you!

—By John Ramsay.



HOLD THAT TRAY, MATE! Eating chow on a Coast Guard destroyer escort in heavy seas demands steady hands and a fine sense of balance. In this group on a North Atlantic convoy are, left to right: Arthur Emrich, MoMM3c; Carl Nall, S1; Edward Petrosky, S1c; Frank Jaekel, F1c; S. J. Holder, F2c, and James J. McFarlane, S2c.



RUNNING WILD on the baseball diamonds of the South is the St. Augustine, Fla., team. Front row: Marty Bucaro, Joe Vitari, Fred Biggs, Doyle Lade, Bill Flora and Lyn Swaim. Second row: Joe Muffoletto, Ron Duvier, Lou Klein, Tom Buck, Paul Prdie and Ken Wood. Top row: Eddie Kasid, Roy Warren, Vinton Doll, Gene Olive, Easton McCullough, Johnny Hall, Mal Stevens and Manager Roy Crews.

Doctor: "Nine out of ten patients die under this operation. Is there anything I can do for you before I begin?"

Patient: "Yeah. Get me my hat and coat."

Caller: "Is your mother engaged?"

Little Boy: "I think she's married."

# SPORT in the News!



JACK DEMPSEY

## Learning To Fight From The Old Master

By HYPE IGUE

(Courtesy New York Journal-American)

**I**F THERE IS any one thing accomplished by Commander Jack Dempsey and his training staff at the Manhattan Beach Coast Guard Training Station which pleases the big Commander most it is the fact that young recruits come in wearing No. 13 collars and after three months of training, depart for all corners of the earth with No. 16 crowding their necks for breathing space!

The Commander moves about with the same speed he employed in the ring, rolling off the ball of each foot. The guy is moving dynamite!

"I can't give you the exact number of men we've trained. There were thousands of them. Coming to us in the raw we have long since got over being dumbfounded at the pitiful physical condition of the American youth of today," Jack began.

"We have but three months in which to train them how to fight for their lives if it comes to a man-to-man showdown.

"I had 55 instructors at the start. We've been cut down to 25 but we still get great results. We start daily at 7 a. m. and don't stop until 5 p. m.

### THE OLD CREED WORKS MIRACLES

"Mind you, our business is not turning out prize-fighters. I had a way of fighting that may not have been the best in the world but it was good enough to win a world title for me. I borrowed John L. Sullivan's best slogan when I started fighting around 14—'NEVER LET THE OTHER FELLOW GET STARTED.' It works miracles.

"A kid comes to us with a chip on his shoulder, thinking he is a fighter. We know he is a sucker and we tell and show him why.

"He knows nothing of the fundamentals. Before he is permitted to put on the gloves to show how good he is, he gets object lessons on what to do and why. He is taught the all-important lesson taking advantage of every fighting second.

"At first their physical condition is sad. Gosh, if we had only got hold of them when they were 10 or 12 years old! That's when boys should start developing their bodies, not when they are beginning their 20's. Early coaching in boxing, wrestling, basketball, baseball and volley ball would have made our young fighting men physically fit when the call came. We get boys who dread body contact in the first periods of our training. Then they find out what it means. The dread disappears after awhile and you can actually see confidence sprouting out all over them.

"We combine judo and close-order fighting, boxing, open wrestling, combat wrestling. They are taught how to hit and grab. If the enemy knocks the gun out of our boy's hands, our boy still will win the gamble with death. Do they get tough! I'm glad I'm big and strong because they'd have tolled me off long ago. We believe in three or four sound essentials rather than a lot of confusing exercises.

"We've made tests. Mind you, we now have officers coming to us for training. Fellows who couldn't do one chin-up at the start.

"Couldn't do one push-up. Halfway through their training they can do 20 chin-ups, push-ups, pull-ups, set-ups or rope climbing grabs. That's the honey, that rope climbing drill! Some couldn't pull themselves up a foot at the start. We've just installed 45 ropes, 30 feet high. Why, now they'd make Tarzan look like old Rip Van Winkle. They're taught to climb to a certain point, stop, start again and, most important, come down that rope from the top like greased lightning without setting their hands afire. Hands, wrists, arms and torso become like steel after awhile.

### BECOME KIDS AGAIN

"The petty officers who come to us become kids again and they pitch into boxing, wrestling, judo and calisthenics as if they were 16 years old. Love it, too. Everything is done in rotation, all drills in double time. Every 20 minutes we stop and run for five minutes. It's good old road work, improving the heart, lungs and legs.

"We have letters coming back to us, written by our boys in every part of the world. We have not learned of an outstanding hero as yet but they'll pop up before this business is over. They're all undercover heroes."



## THANKS FOR LIFE

A lasting tribute is being presented to the crew members of the *USS Joyce* (DE 317), who saved twenty-eight survivors of the *USS Leopold* (DE 319) in the North Atlantic.

The following inscription has been engraved on a silver plaque and sent to the *Joyce*, for hanging in the crew's quarters:

"To the heroes of the *USS Joyce* (DE 317), its sturdy officers and crew:

"We, the survivors of the *USS Leopold* (DE 319), owe you a debt that never could be paid in any way but with our lives. You men will never go down in history for this tragic night of 9 March, 1944. But you can rest assured that the twenty-eight men named below will never forget what a great deed you men performed beyond the call of duty and risking your own lives in the freezing waters of the North Atlantic.

"We true Coast Guardsmen, as each and everyone of you, wish you more luck than words can express."

It is signed by Clifford C. Reeves, MoMM 2c; Joseph M. Hanysz, MoMM2c; Cleveland E. Parker, CStd; William F. Smith, SoM3c; Jeremiah J. Bowen, EM3c; Herbert Schwartz, EM3c; Richard R. Novotny, S1c; Richard Forrester, TM3c; Carl M. Graves, GM3c; Joseph A. Burgun, So M3c; Nelson Nesanian, Jr., S1c; Roger M. Folke, S2c; Lucas L. Bobbitt, S1c; Chester Piechal, S2c; William G. O'Brien, S1c; Norman F. Chastain, F2c; Harry M. Daube,



LIEUT. COMDR. H. K. "Mickey" McClellan is currently recuperating in Baltimore Marine Hospital after a grave illness. Commander McClellan is one of the nation's best known physical trainers and is particularly well known for his record as a boxing coach at the Academy.

S1c; Robert E. Chandler, Jr., S1c; Troy S. Gowens, S1c; Antone Frietas, Jr., S2c; Walter Selivonchik, S1c; Gale L. Fuller, S2c; A. Antonsanti, S2c; Glyonne R. Maffay, S1c; Warren B. Young, S2c; Walter L. Spinning, S1c; Henry E. Boyce, S1c, and William J. Miller, S1c.

## RESCUES SURVIVORS

Oran, Algeria (Special)—When it became evident that some of the survivors from the destroyer *USS Lansdale*, sunk by enemy action on 20 April, could not make it to the rescue ship, a Coast Guard-manned destroyer escort, John M. Browne, seaman, first class, volunteered to go over the side to help the survivors.

It was already quite dark and the bobbing heads and shoulders of the survivors were becoming less and less distinct in the oily water.

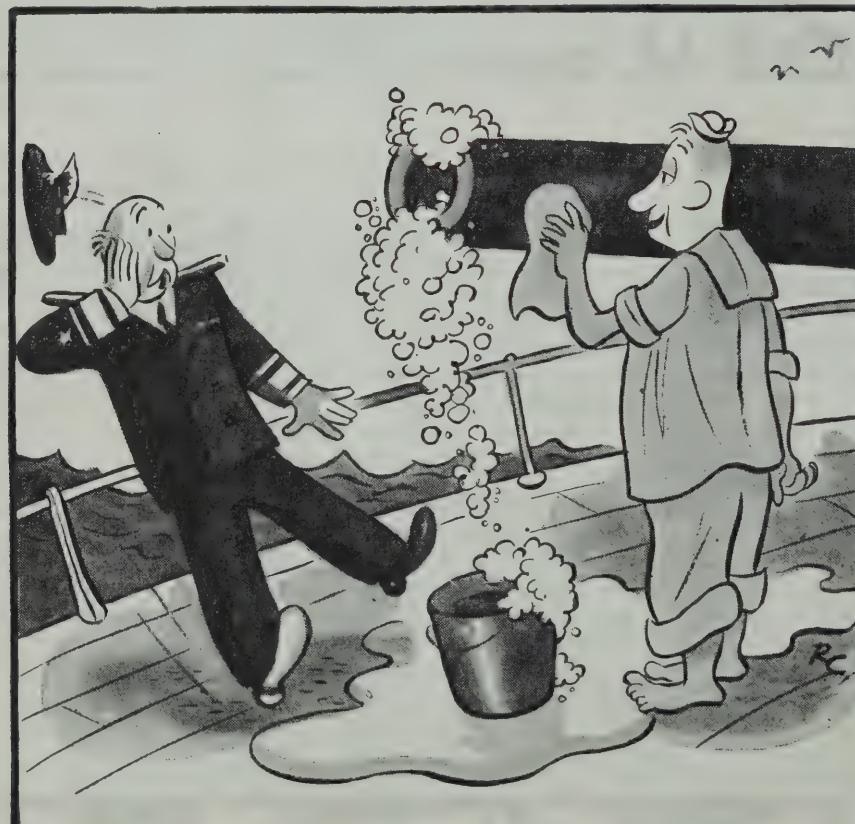
Browne said, "I didn't stop to think of the danger or anything like that. I saw those men couldn't make it and I asked for permission to help them."

"Maybe in the back of my head somewhere, I might have thought it would be just too bad if we had a submarine contact and we had to drop depth charges."

Permission was granted and Browne went over the side and brought more than twelve injured, oil-soaked survivors to safety.

"Some of them didn't have lifejackets on," he noted, "and many times I had to grab a man by his hair to keep him from going down for what might have been the last time. It was pretty awful."

Browne enlisted in the U. S. Coast Guard August 3, 1942, at Nashville, Tenn., and received his basic training at the Algiers Training Station, New Orleans, La. Browne said, "All I want to do after this war is over, is to get back home and see my wife and baby again."



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THE NIGHTS are becoming shorter in the Land of the Midnight Sun and soon even those in Southeastern Alaska will be reading by the light of day at 22 and 2300. In Southeastern Alaska the story will be different. Already, mild temperatures prevail, and

#### COAST GUARD IN ALASKA

By DOC ASKWITH of New York in April or May. If it

wasn't for the infernal rain that soaks the countryside, the woods, etc., and floods the swollen mountain streams, this part of Alaska would be beautiful. When it shines, it's swell; when it rains, it's hell.

In this theatre one will find men such as Swede Johnson, Flc, from Denver, Colo. Swede spent over a year and a half in Alaska, much of it in the northern part of the territory. He bartered with the Eskimos. He remembers getting a walrus tusk in exchange for a carton of cigarettes.

Bill Wallace, Cox, traded things like shaving lotion which the women in the Bering Straits use for perfuming to cover up another scent. Bill is now at a base in Alaska, talking of the good old days.

#### NEW FACES IN ALASKA

Ross Morrison, QM2c, of Los Angeles, enlisted in the Coast Guard just two days before Pearl Harbor. Morrison must have

known what a lot of us didn't. He spent eight months on the *Swiftsure* in '42, on patrol. He is now in southeastern Alaska.

Another man here is John J. Cottrell, QM2c, of San Francisco, who joined a few months later, and spent the bulk of his duty in Alaska, from Ketchikan to Kodiak.

Roy Olson, BM1c, hails from Seattle and has had eight years of Alaskan duty. Five of these were on the *Hemlock*.

#### MORE SEAGOING MEN HERE

In the last year I have visited nearly every Coast Guard base in North America, and I think I can safely say that there are more Coast Guardsmen who have had sea duty at Alaskan bases than at any other point. This leaves me open for rebuttal, which I will welcome from our readers.

I remember teaching Coast Guardsmen in the early part of the war at Manhattan Beach, and telling them how they would be in the thick of the conflict before the War's end, and many of them before many months had passed. These men I later saw in Ports of Central America and the Caribbean alighting from Coast Guard LST's which had already been in action in North Africa. It was good to see their smiling faces when they met their old pedagogue from Manhattan Beach. Dozens of these men manned the invasion boats after their preliminary training at MBTS and their more practi-



**WONDERFUL**—Tennis is a wonderful sport, says Beryl Wallace, NBC starlet. It must be, if Beryl plays. Note the long, graceful, curving lines on the racquet.

cal training at Parris Island, S. C., with the Marines.

Those Coast Guardsmen are now at the far ends of the world, and most of their instructors are now along with them. Few are left behind as total war demands the services of all. Before much time will have passed, the few that are left will have taken their place in the conflict.

#### MAN WITH A HISTORY

One man who could undoubtedly write a book about his experiences is Chief Radioman W. C. Jennings, now stationed at a Coast Guard Radio Station in southeastern Alaska.

Jennings made chief a month back. He

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was attached to the San Francisco Air Station at the time, received a commendation from the Army as well.

"Is your love for me dead?"

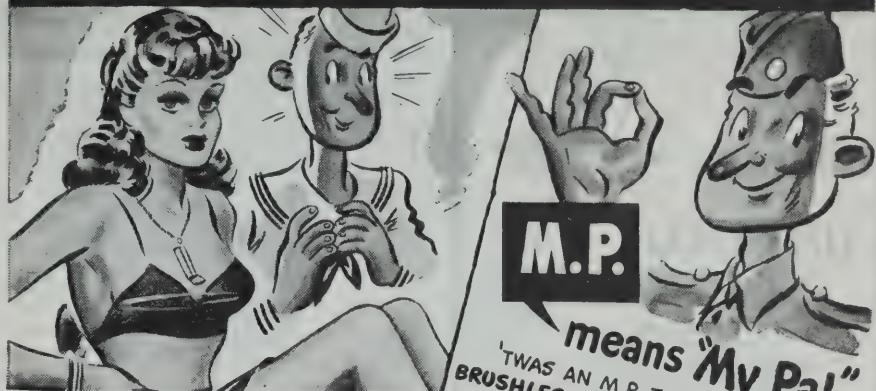
"No, but it's very, very ill."

Fashion note: "What is the latest thing in men's clothing? Women."



SERVING OVERSEAS in the South Pacific is Alex C. Sul, S1c, pictured here with his wife. The couple are natives of North East, Pa.

## COLGATE CLOSE-UPS



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**New York Notes**

By JACK TILSON

**FOC'SLE FACTS:** T'other afternoon I bumped into a lad I hadn't seen for over three years. His name? Eddie Gilbert, SC3c. I'd have walked right past Eddie without recognizing him if he hadn't suddenly startled me out of my mental lethargy by shouting a rousing, "Hi'ya, Slugger!" When I heard that I knew it could be no one else but him—you see, Ed's the only guy who ever called ye puny scribe "Slugger." That's a nickname he pinned on me when I was scribing sports and he was piloting a midget auto car prior to putting on a Coast Guard monkey suit in December, 1941.

Eddie didn't look too much like the guy I used to know. I guess that's what invasion duty does to you. He had lost a lot of weight and there was a certain tenseness about him that he didn't have even when he was defying death behind the wheel of his speedy, hard-to-handle miniature auto racer!

Among other things, I asked Ed how come he wound up being a cook. He laughed at that query and replied, "Well, it's this way. Knocking around the country I never did get much chance to put on a decent feed bag. As a result I was always underweight. So when I enlisted in this outfit I decided to fatten up—and what better way could I do that than by being a cook? That's what I thought! For the past two years I've been eating, eating and eating some more. So what happens? I'm now thinner than I ever was!"

His chest was bare of all campaign bars. "How come?" I asked.

"I'm like a lotta other guys who've come back," he answered. "I know what I've been through and I know what the guys out there are still going through. So, who am I to go around wearing 'brag-rags' while they're still out there fighting and giving their lives?"

Yep, Ed's an okay guy all right!

\* \* \* \* \*

WELL, ENSIGN ARNOLD (Big Pete) Peterson finally went and did it. A few Sundays back he married pretty Betty Frances Heesch, a Long Island girl. At the nuptials were a trio of Pete's ex-Surfman buddies, namely, Adrian Parker, CBM; Edwin A. Fish, CBM, and Irwin Johnson, CCStd.... If all goes according to plan, Yeoman "Mac" McKlosky's Port Security softball aggregation will win another championship this year.... The youngsters, me included, really gather around when Lt. (j.g.) Arthur Andrews starts spinning yarns about yesteryear.

\* \* \* \* \*

SEAMAN CLAYTON FARRAR, long distance runner, is the possessor of more track trophies than der Fuehrer Hitler has enemies. Since enlisting two years back,

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Jim: "You can say what you want. I trust my wife implicitly."

Jack: "Is she that old?"

this former New London, Conn., high school speedster has won the Service Championships for the half mile, one mile and the two-mile distances. He has also retained the twenty-six-mile and six-mile X-country New York Metropolitan Championships.

At a recent Boston A. A. meet, this "flying" Coast Guardsman won the following races: the North Medford 20-mile, the Reddish 10-mile event, in which he established a new record, traversing the distance in 49 minutes and 11 seconds. And that's some running, brother'n' sister—that's some running!

Currently attached to the Public Relations Detail, Photo Lab, at the Barge Office, this black-haired speed demon is preparing for the day when he'll be photographing his Coast Guard shipmates as they establish new beach-heads on enemy-held territory!

\* \* \* \* \*

HERE'S WISHING Fred Gerkin, PM1c, a quick journey along Recovery Road. . . . Chief Yeoman Nubert Laufenberg, a recent benedict, dropped in to see us t'other afternoon. Sea duty apparently agrees with him because he looked brown as a bear and twice as healthy. . . . Captain R. L. Jack is now skipper of the New York Security, replacing Captain W. H. Barton who has been assigned to a new berth overseas.

\* \* \* \* \*

HOW NOT TO BE HAPPY—When another shipmate makes a rate, tell yourself, "Why that phoney—if I polished apples I coulda got me another stripe, too!" Envyng someone else's success is one sure way of making certain that you won't be happy.

HOW NOT TO BE HAPPY—Be a grouch. Gripe continually. If someone says, "Good morning!"—ask him, "What the hell's good about it?"

HOW NOT TO BE HAPPY—Never do more than you're told—in fact, don't do that much if there's no one around to check up on you. But if the man in charge should happen to catch you loafing—inwardly accuse him of being an Admiral striker, a phoney, etc. In this manner you will be certain to acquire that "persecuted complex!"

\* \* \* \* \*

YEOMAN JOE PIZARA made his screen debut t'other P. M. Ask him about it! . . . Chief Boatswain Bill Pinch's "Chiefs Team" tangled with Lt. Price's "Officers' Aggregation" in a softball contest a few weeks back. Half the district turned out—and saw Chief Pinch's outfit walk off the field on the long end of a 15 to 1 count. "How could we lose?" said Pinch after the game, "with Shoutin' John Murray, CMM, in the stands rootin' for us!" . . . Aside to Yeoman Lew Payne (overseas): I was only kiddin' . . . Marty Zahradnik, Sp3c, doesn't sport a toupee yet—but if his hair keeps disappearing at the rate it has been he'll soon be in the market for one!

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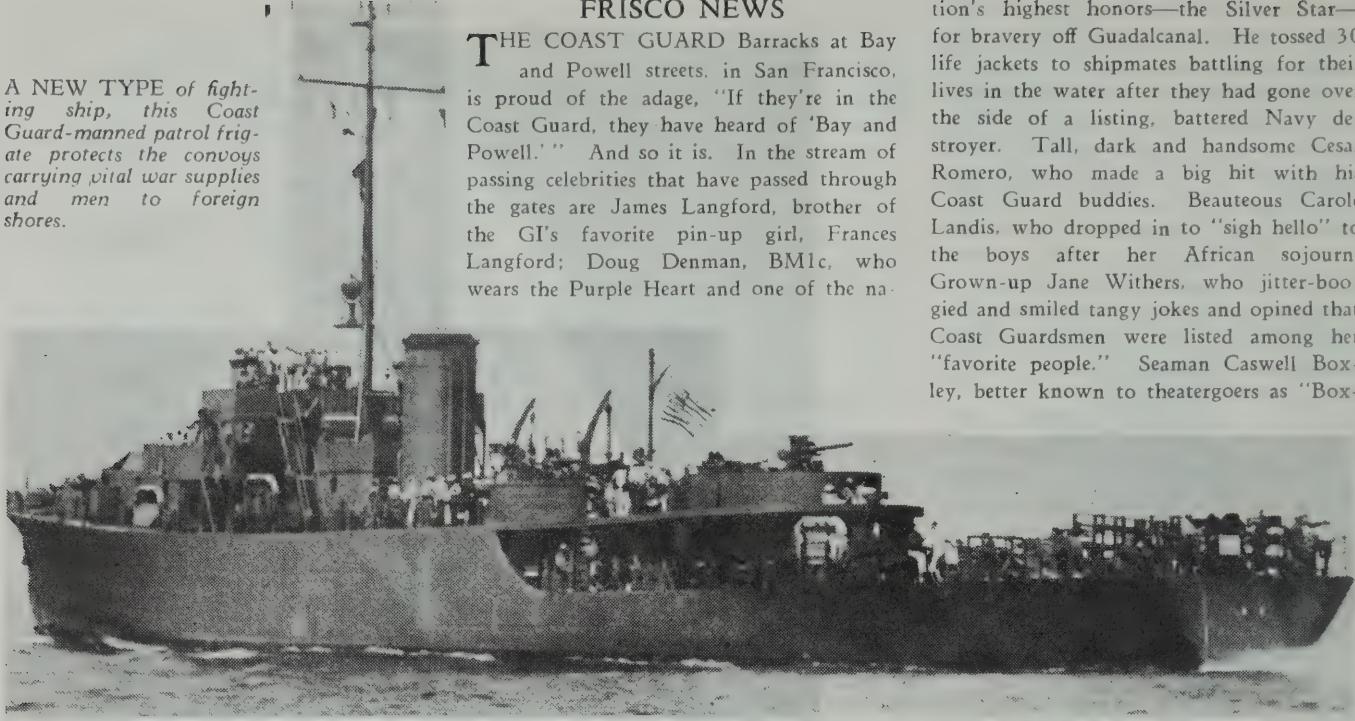
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## FRISCO NEWS

THE COAST GUARD Barracks at Bay and Powell streets, in San Francisco, is proud of the adage, "If they're in the Coast Guard, they have heard of 'Bay and Powell.'" And so it is. In the stream of passing celebrities that have passed through the gates are James Langford, brother of the GI's favorite pin-up girl, Frances Langford; Doug Denman, BM1c, who wears the Purple Heart and one of the na-

tion's highest honors—the Silver Star—for bravery off Guadalcanal. He tossed 30 life jackets to shipmates battling for their lives in the water after they had gone over the side of a listing, battered Navy destroyer. Tall, dark and handsome Cesar Romero, who made a big hit with his Coast Guard buddies. Beauteous Carole Landis, who dropped in to "sigh hello" to the boys after her African sojourn. Grown-up Jane Withers, who jitter-boogied and smiled tangy jokes and opined that Coast Guardsmen were listed among her "favorite people." Seaman Caswell Boxley, better known to theatergoers as "Box-



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TO PRIVATE CLANCY  
IT KEEPS THE YANKS  
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Trueiman, a veteran of 208 pro fights, who came out of retirement to put on an exhibition. Up and coming lightweight sensation, Vic Grupico; the famed "Brisbane Buzzsaw," Verne Bybee; heavyweight Pat Valentino, the "Glamour Boy of the Ring;" "Sluggin' Sammy" Nagel, hailed as another Stanley Ketchell; Indian Joe Guzman, a hard-hitting middleweight. All these are Coast Guardsmen. Another is KO artist Gil Mojica.

Tennis stars at the base are Bob Pay, former Jefferson County (Ky.) singles champ; national ranking Phil Southwick; Southern California net aces, Ed Carr and Irving Chappel; Chicagoer Joe Pavlik; Tom Perry, four-year man at Springfield (Mo.) State Teachers College, and many-times entrant of St. Louis' famed "Heart of America" tourney; Ed Parsons, a Los Angeles (Calif.) city championship contender, and Peter Pogon, winner of some minor meets. Ace tennis swinger Bill Ashton was formerly here but shipped out.

In the field of art is Lowell Herrero, creator of "In This Our Life" and other favorites among Coast Guard personnel on land or sea. His most popular character, owlish seaman, "Little Wisdom." A handy man with a knife is carver "Smoky" Newton, who can whittle almost anything out of a piece of wood.

Conquerors of the Pacific Coast League contenders, the San Francisco Seals, is the U. S. Coast Guard Surf Riders baseball team. It has three top-flight hurlers, Rudy Biale, who has a terrific fast ball; up and coming young Johnny "Red" Mullins, and Tom Kipp, former Southern California wonder. These three make pro ball scouts lick their chops in anticipation of post-war baseball. Key men on the team are former big leaguer Art Garibaldi; player-manager Howard "Bing" Cosby; sluggers Tom Glaviano and Bill Dunn; catchers Ed Gibb and Frank McGraw; diamond aces Joe Morjoseph, Red McMichael, Jack French, and Verne McDonald.

And there are other Coast Guardsmen in the passing parade that marches through the Coast Guard Receiving Station, who don't stop long enough to be recognized. These, however, are the fortunes of war.

—By Dick Bernstein.

### ABOARD THE BIBB

AFTER A prolonged absence from the COAST GUARD MAGAZINE the cutter *Bibb* is once again destined to make an appearance.

Our column has not found its way to the Magazine since the days of Mike Schuller, CY, who departed sixteen months ago to take his station ashore.

Like our sister ships of the 327-foot class, the *Bibb* has not had enough availability in the States to warrant anyone using his valuable liberty time to submit a column. This column we will ship back hoping it will find its way to some of our former shipmates.

Recently we held a smoker on the quar-

terdeck at sea. This reminded us of the smoker we held in the past with our former running mate, the *Ingham*. The fellows found time on a sunny afternoon to rig up a ring and stage eight boxing bouts. The afternoon consisted of plenty of action and excitement which kept all hands, from the skipper on down, shouting words of encouragement to the game fighters. Between bouts various members of the ship's company entertained and the day wound up with a community sing.

After twenty-eight months of war cruising most of the old crew is scattered around the globe. For the benefit of former crew members who often think of their days aboard the *Bibb*, I will endeavor to provide a bit of personal information. Still with us are Chiefs Keene, Breen, Styron, Johnson, C. P. Barton, Grengel, Thompson, Modzelewski and Thuma. The remaining petty officers include Meadows, Spence, Glenski, Adcock, Haffey, Lane, Karns, Berryman, Neuhausen, Vienhage, Graef, Brecht, Pate and Lamoreaux.

Some who have traded their bell-bottom

trousers for officers' uniforms are: Young, Calvin, Frederic, Guess, Krumpke, Sandidge and Eaton. We wish them the best of luck and smooth sailing.

Recently departed, taking advantage of leave and change of duty were: Brandt, Pratt, Lanham, Chamberlain, Roget Thomas, C. C. Barton, Sanders, Lawton, Dodson, Melton, Covington, Balsis, Lyons, Bush, Jordan, Olsen, Melton, Corpew, Lowrey and Lutey.

Aboard one of our new Coast Guard-manned assault transports we are represented by a quartet of former *Bibb* men, namely Keepes, White (Ralph's mother was one of our best boosters through the COAST GUARD MAGAZINE), Holland and Spacil.

On the West Coast we have Armstrong, Rennic Thomas, Robinson, Wertsbaugh, Hayes and Jack Anderson.

If any former *Bibb* shipmates can find time to drop us a few lines, we who still remain aboard the *Bibb* will be glad to hear from them.

—By Jerry Haffey.

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# WHITE CAPS and SEA BREEZES

PUNS AN' CAWFEE

-:- RIDDLES AN' SYRUP -:-

SPEECHES AN' SCREAM



Pint-sized Joe Laurie, Jr., of "Can You Top This?" fame, poled this one into the bleachers on a recent radio program:

A woman goes into a millinery shop and selects a hat. "How much is this?" she asks the salesman. "Well," he answers, "I don't like to haggle. I'm not asking you fifty dollars, I'm not asking you forty dollars, I'm not asking you thirty dollars. Twenty-five dollars for the hat."

She says: "I'm not giving you twenty. I'm not giving you fifteen, I'm not giving you ten dollars. I'll take the hat for five."

To which he replies: "Sold. That's the way I like to do business—no chiseling."

"That will be enough out of you," said the milk maid as she moved over to the next cow.

Dentist: "Which tooth do you want extracted?"

Pullman Porter: "Lower seven."

The doctor's little daughter opened the door to the caller.

"Is the doctor at home?" asked the latter.

"No, sir," said the child. "He's out at the moment performing an appendectomy."

The caller smiled. "I say," he said, "that's a very big word for a little girl like you. Do you know what it means?"

The girl nodded. "Oh, yes," came the reply. "It means \$125."

An Indiana boy told his teacher that his sister had the measles. The teacher became somewhat excited. "You go right home, Johnny," she demanded, "and don't come back until your sister is well."

Johnny left in a hurry. After he was gone, another boy held up his hand and said, "Teacher, Johnny Dolan's sister what has the measles is in Boston."

A Scotchman upon entering a saddler's asked for a single spur.

"What use is one spur?" asked the man.

"Well," replied Sandy, "if I can get one side of the horse to go, the other will have to come wi' it."

"That looks hot as hell," said an American tourist, looking down into the crater of Vesuvius.

"Really," said an Englishman standing beside him, "how these Americans do get around!"

The gum-chewing girl  
And the cud-chewing cow  
Are some what alike  
Yet different somehow.  
What difference?  
Yes, I see it now  
It's the thoughtful look  
On the face of the cow.

To eat is human; to digest is divine.

A transport had been sunk and several life-boats were cruising about the surrounding waters picking up survivors. A completely bald-headed sailor popped up alongside one of the boats. One of the Irishmen manning the oars spotted him and, with a snort of rage, brought his oar down smack on the bald man's pate. "This is no time for fooling," he said, "go down and come up straight."

When Mac and Turner registered they had to sign their names and nationality.  
Mac signed: "Irish—and proud of it."  
Turner signed: "Scotch—and fond of it."



**AS I WAS SAYING  
CAPTAIN—HOW ABOUT  
A TEN DAY FURLough?**

Walking up the street one day a Federal officer was attracted by frightful screams coming from a house. He ran up the steps to investigate, and found that a little boy had swallowed a quarter, and his mother, not knowing what to do, was frantic. The man caught the little fellow by the heels, and, holding him up, gave him a few shakes, whereupon the coin dropped to the floor.

"Well, mister," exclaimed the grateful mother, "you certainly know how to get it out. Are you a doctor?"

"No, madam," replied the official, "I'm a collector of internal revenue."

The haughty senior girl sniffed disdainfully as the tiny freshman cut in. "And just why did you have to cut in when I was dancing?" she inquired nastily.

The freshman hung his head with shame. "I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, "but I'm working my way through college, and your partner was waving a five dollar bill at me."

An epitaph is a statement that usually lies above about the one who lies beneath.

"Go ahead and draft me," the young man defied the members of his draft board. "You can't make me fight!"

"Maybe not," one of them replied. "But we can arrange to have you sent where the fighting is and then you can use your own judgment."

Red Head: "I'm a West Pointer."

Blonde: "You look more like an Irish Setter to me."

The difference between a spinster and a bachelor is that a bachelor has never been married but the spinster has never been married or anything.

A man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she feels like admitting.

Women are wise about facts and figures. A girl with a good figure soon learns about facts.

"I've got a new name for the girl friend."

"What is it and why?"

"Baseball—because she won't play without a diamond."

A kiss in the dark has enlightened man—a man.

There she sat, surrounded by a score of admirers. Her beauty was beyond description, but naughty men frightened away the less intrepid. As the music started again the timid youth lurking in the background darted forward.

"Pardon me, Miss, may I have the next dance?"

"I'm sorry, but I never dance with children," she said with an amused smile.

"Oh, a thousand pardons!" he said, "I didn't know your condition."

Young Artist: "You're the first model I ever kissed."

Model: "Really? How many have you had?"

Young Artist: "Four—an apple, a banana, a vase and you."

Joe: "You say you're from Brooklyn? That makes you a Brooklynite. Say, have you got another cigarette?"

Moe: "You say you're from Paris?"

Husband: "I could do anything if I knew you were home waiting for me."

Wife: "I'll bet you could. That's the reason I've been checking on you."

The shades of night were falling fast

When for a kiss he asked her.  
She must have answered "yes" because

The shades came down much faster.

He (having just kissed her): "Ah! That was indeed a triumph of mind over matter."

She: "Yes, I didn't mind, because you didn't matter."

"This is an ideal spot for a picnic."

"You said it. Fifty million insects can't be wrong."

St. Peter: "How did you get here?"

New Arrival: "Flu."

Sailor: "I suppose you think I'm a perfect idiot?"

Blonde: "Oh, no, none of us are perfect!"

"You hit your husband with a chair? Pray tell me, why did you do it?"

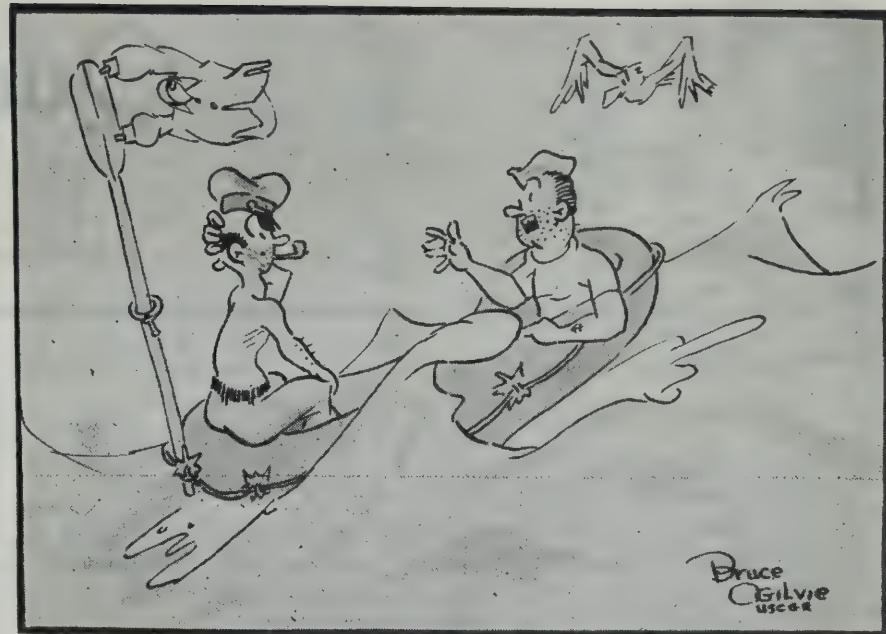
"I did it," sighed the lady, "because I could not lift the table."

Little Johnny brought home his report card, and with it was a note from the teacher.

"Dear Mrs. Blank," said the note. "Johnny is a bright boy but he spends all his time with the girls. I'm trying to think up some way to cure him."

The mother studied the note, then wrote the teacher as follows:

"Dear Miss Scruff: If you find some way to cure him, please let me know. I'm having the same trouble with his old man."



"IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T wanta be rescued, but me picture in the paper might cause trouble between me three wives."

"Who beat you up so badly?"

"I started through a revolving door and then changed my mind."

Broad-mindedness is the ability to smile when you suddenly discover that your room-mate and your girl are both missing from the dance floor.

A member of a Psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

They were training Mandy in her duties as maid. After she'd answered the phone the first day, her mistress asked who had called.

"Twarn't nobody," Mandy said, "Jes' a woman says, 'It's long distance from New York,' and I says, 'Yessum, it shor is,' and hung up."

Chief Pope: "What say we do something different tonight, huh, babe?"

Pearle: "O. K., sailor. What do you suggest?"

Chief Pope: "You try to kiss me and I'll slap your face!"

"No," said the girl returning from a date with a Coast Guardsman. "I don't know what his rank was, but I think he was the chief petting officer."

As Freddy Kaiser, our Perfect Lover, will tell you, many a girl who just adore fried chicken will shy away from a little goose.

Many a wife has found that hugging her husband is the best way to get around him.

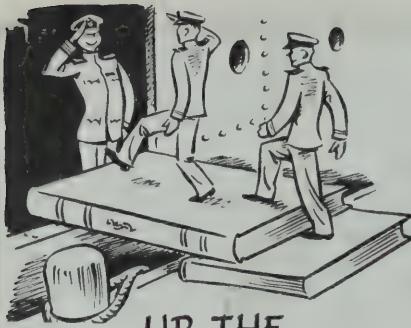
A bride should make sacrifices for her husband, but not in the form of burnt offerings.

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By EDW. CLARK  
U. S. Coast Guard

# Questions ? and Answers

INQUIRIES HAVE been received from several Chief Petty Officers relative to their chances of being promoted to warrant ranks, and the answers that this correspondent has received from official sources to practically all inquiries on this subject is that their recommendations, together with several hundred others, are on file for consideration if and when warrant ranks are considered, and that in no case should new recommendations be sent in from the field.

INQUIRIES HAVE been received from several enlisted personnel relative to Reserve Officer Training. The last class in Reserve Officer Training convened on 8 February, 1944, and was completed on 7 June, 1944.

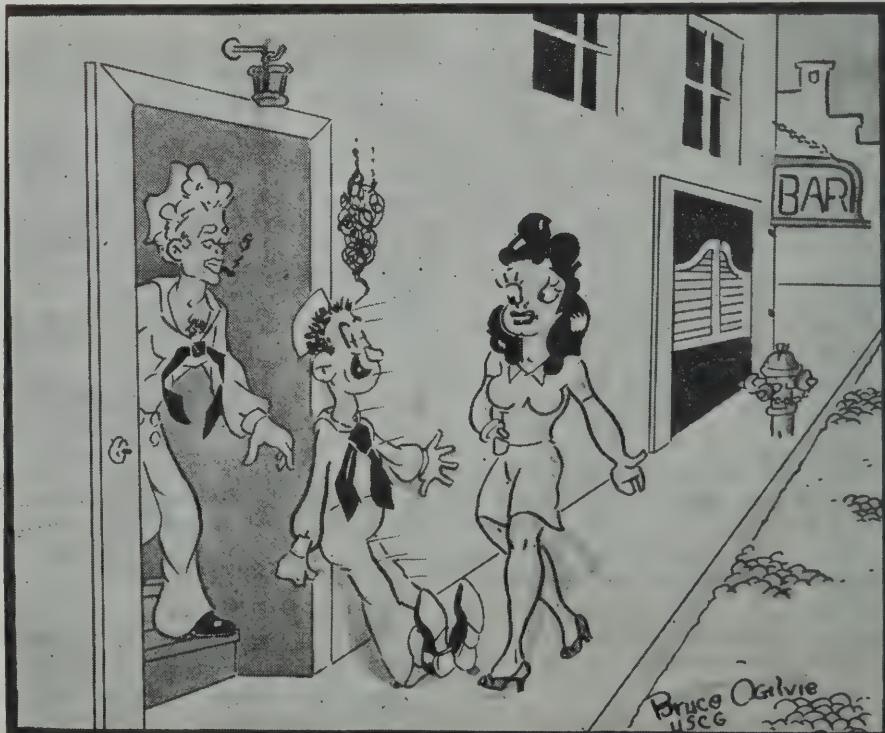
MOSTLY FOR security reasons, the pages of this Magazine cannot undertake to answer inquiries relative to present locations of Service personnel. However, whenever possible, inquiries of this nature will be answered direct if stamped and self-addressed envelopes are contained with the inquiry.

MANY INQUIRIES are being received relative to flight training in the Coast Guard, and most of them may be answered as follows:

There is no quota available at the present time for flight training. Whenever a quota is set up for this training an Alcoast will be gotten out requesting applications. All applications now on file and any that may be received in the meantime are not valid. Only those applications received after such an Alcoast is sent out will be considered.

There are no such ratings as aero gunner within the Coast Guard. The Air Station or Squadron trains ACMM's, AOM's, ARM's, etc., as aero gunners are needed.

District Coast Guard officers assign a certain number of men to air stations within their districts from time to time for preliminary training leading to aviation ratings. If these men prove satisfactory, they are further assigned to aviation schools by the Air Station Commanding Officers as quotas permit, where they are rated upon graduation.



"HI, TALL, blonde and handsome!"

IN NOVEMBER, 1943, a letter recommending me for chief storekeeper was forwarded to Headquarters. In January, 1944, Headquarters informed this unit that this rate was in excess throughout the Service and that no action would be taken until the needs of the Service warranted such rates. I have the required service, and, to the best of my knowledge, fulfill all requirements that have been set forth. I wonder if you could tell me if my name is still on file, and approximately when I might expect Headquarters' approval. (S. E. N., Storekeeper 1st Cl.)

A. Your recommendation is on file and your name is on the eligible list. No vacancies presently exist throughout the service at large. When vacancies exist, advancement will be made on basis of standing on the eligible list.

Q. I am desirous of knowing whether or not my recommendation for advancement to the rating of Chief Radioman is on file at Headquarters. I was recommended for Chief's rating in July, 1943, before my unit departed for overseas. (W. H. A., Radioman 1st cl.)

A. There is no record of your recommendation on file at Headquarters.

Q. I would like to know if my application for advancement to the rating of Chief Commissary Steward has reached Headquarters? (F. M. R., SC1c.)

A. There is no record at Headquarters of a recommendation to advancement in rating in your case from your District.

Q. I was recommended for CRM (A) on 5 March, 1944. Please inform me in the next issue of the Magazine if my recommendation was approved. (W. C. B., RM1c.)

A. There is no record of any recommendation having been received in your case from your district.

Q. Several months ago I was recommended for CBM having fulfilled all requirements including service time, etc., and am anxious to know what action may be contemplated in my case? (R. E. B., BM 1c.)

A. There is no record of a recommendation in your case for advancement in rating on file at Headquarters.

Q. I enlisted in the Coast Guard in August, 1942, and received a rating of coxswain which was changed to 3rd class specialist a few months later. I received a deck court martial and was busted to S1c. Now I am informed that a man cannot be busted in his pay rate lower than his enlistment pay, that is, I could have been busted from Specialist, 3rd class, but I should receive \$78 monthly. Is that correct?

A. You can be disbursed regardless of rating held on enlistment and pay is adjusted accordingly.

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Q. I was recommended for advancement in rating to CBM on 31 July, 1943, and am of the opinion that Headquarters has not received this recommendation. Will you please advise? (J. W. W., BM 1c.)

A. Your recommendation is on file at Headquarters. No vacancies exist in the CBM rating. However, your name is being retained on the eligible list from which future advancements will be made as vacancies may exist.

Q. Can a surfman, regardless of rating as a boatswain's mate or motor machinist's mate, still wear the surfman uniform? Or after being stationed or assigned to a boat must he change to the seaman's uniform?

A. The answers to the above are contained in Art. 5-45 (Change No. 1) Uniform Regulations.

Q. I have been informed that the new rates of transportation (TR) are now out. I am a CM2c in the regular Service and would like to know if I could change my rating to Spec. 2c in TR?\*

A. Only Reserves can hold Specialists ratings. Regulars cannot be Specialists.

Q. I enlisted and was given a second class boatswain's rating. Later it was changed to specialist (port security). All this time I have worn a boatswain's rate. Has there been a new rate designed for SP (PS) and if so is it procurable?

A. Answer to the above may be found in Personnel Bulletin No. 149-43.

Q. Is there a sleeve device or insignia that can be worn by crew members of Coast Guard sub-busters?

A. There is no insignia for "sub-busters."

Q. I have been in the Coast Guard Reserve about two years and am a motor machinist's mate, first class, with a very good record. When a reservist has been in service three years is he entitled to shipping-over money?

A. Reservists are not entitled to shipping-over money.

Q. Who were the first two negroes to be rated Pharmacist's Mates and Signalmen in the Coast Guard?

A. Inasmuch as the records at Headquarters do not classify enlisted personnel as to race, creed or color, this information cannot be given.

Q. Does emergency leave, granted from a floating unit operating out of a foreign port, constitute annual leave?

A. Emergency leave is not granted until annual leave has been exhausted. See Art. 1938-1 (1) Regulations.

Q. I noted in a recent issue of Newsweek Magazine a statement that the Coast Guard was contemplating establishing a corps of combat correspondents similar to that of the Marine Corps. In the March, 1944, issue of the COAST GUARD MAGAZINE, I noticed an article by a yeoman combat correspondent. I will appreciate information regarding the requirements and method of applying for, and qualifying for, the rating of combat correspondent?

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A. The requirements are that you have newspaper and writing background in civilian life. The method is that you forward request to the Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard, Washington 25, D. C., through regular channels, stating your newspaper, magazine, or other writing experience. Most correspondents perform their duties on a collateral basis with their regular ratings.

Q. Last December I was interviewed for assignment to duty as a combat correspondent. My application was forwarded to Headquarters and I was later informed that I met the qualifications and could expect to receive orders to report to Washington, D. C. Since that time I have heard no more about my request. I would greatly appreciate knowing if I can still expect to receive these orders?

A. Except in special cases, men with radio ratings (as you have) can no longer be considered for assignment as combat correspondents.

Q. I have been in the Coast Guard for 2 years and 4 months, 18 months of which have been at sea, with 8 of the 18 months spent in foreign waters. I would now like to be transferred to a transport or to an actual combat zone. Have applied for this duty through my commanding officer on two occasions and both times my application for transfer has been approved and forwarded to my home District, and to date I have heard nothing further from my request. Would appreciate it if you could give me some information relative to my request.

A. If you have served 18 months afloat, you can request transfer to any other vessel in conformity with the provisions of Personnel Bulletin No. 100-43. Would suggest you apply for transport duty, advising Headquarters of your 18 months service afloat, through official channels.

Q. Can properly qualified enlisted personnel of the Coast Guard make application for officer training in the Navy such as V-12, V-7, or DVS?

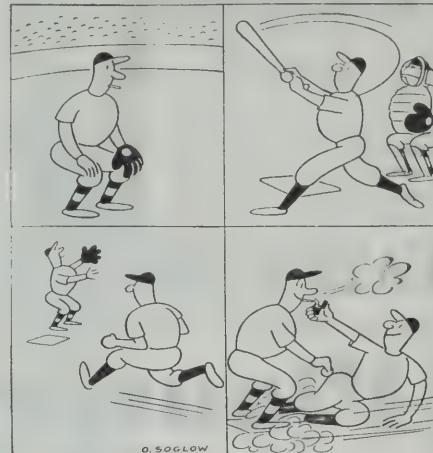
A. The Coast Guard is not now participating in the Navy V-12 Training Program. No Coast Guard enlisted men are being assigned.

Q. & A. In answer to R. F. (S1c), who makes inquiry relative to transfer to a clothing depot, suggest you make application for assignment to a Clothing Depot to the Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard, Washington 25, D. C., via official channels.

Q. I have been a striker for the rating of Pharmacist's Mate. Please advise me if schools for this training are now open, the requirements, and when the courses convene?

A. They convene at Groton Training Station on 21 June, 1944 and every 16 weeks thereafter. The requirements are that you be first recommended by your commanding officer, that you attain a mark of 4.0 in conduct, that you have had some previous study of first aid, anatomy, etc.,

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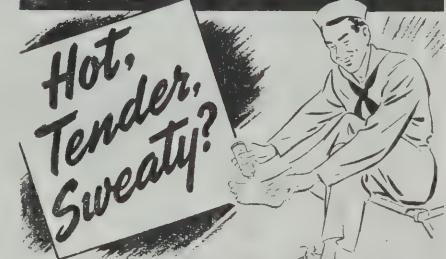
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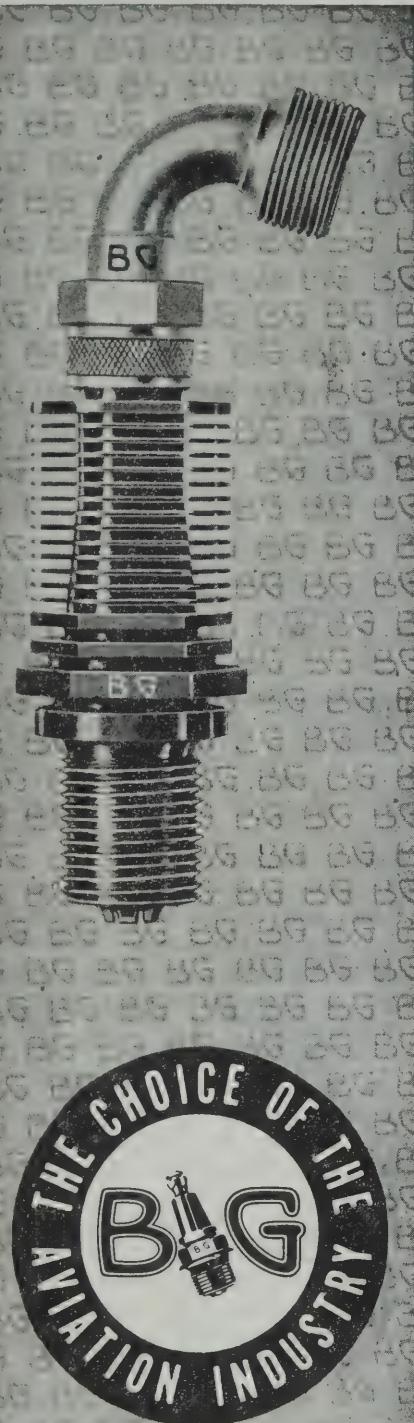
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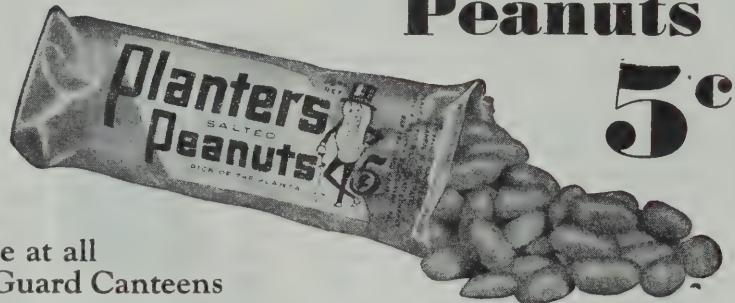
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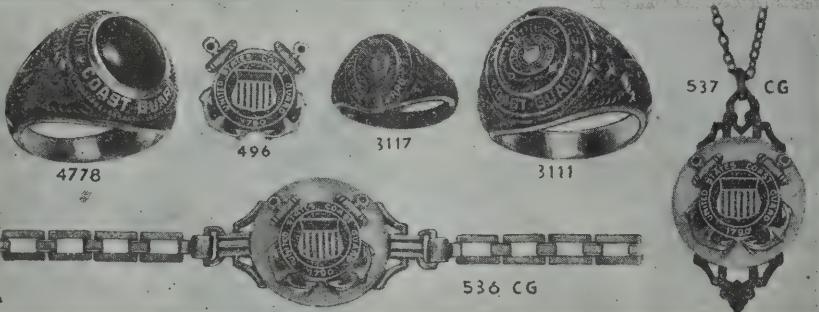
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and that you initiate the request for this training yourself, addressing your request to the Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard, Washington 25, D. C., through official channels.

Q. Could you please inform me as to why no action has been taken on my request for Radio Materiel School. Reference Coast Guard all Unit letter No. 274 and Personnel Bulletin No. 97-43 taken into consideration, I meet all requirements.

A. It is not the present policy of Headquarters to assign Radiomen to Radio Materiel Schools because of the acute shortage of Radiomen.

Q. For the past several months I have been quite interested in lighter-than-air craft (blimp) patrol and was wondering if it would be possible to attend the training course for this particular service at Lakehurst?

A. It is not the policy of the Coast Guard at the present time to send men for this training.

Q. Before joining the Coast Guard I attended a vocational school, and I read in the March issue of the COAST GUARD MAGAZINE of the need for electric welders. I have had some electric welding while attending vocational school, and would like to know if there would be a chance of my attending a school dealing with this subject?

A. At the present time the number of welders seems to be sufficient in the Service. If or when Headquarters should be in need of this rating, suggest you make application at that time to the Commandant, U. S. Coast Guard, Washington 25, D. C., for this training.

Q. I would like to qualify for diving school as a Pharmacist's Mate and would like to know the qualifications for a Pharmacist's Mate to be a diver. How would I go about getting into this Diving School, and if I am qualified?

A. The Bureau of Naval Personnel Manual states (Part D, Chap. 5, page 199) the qualifications for diving school. Only one Coast Guardsman has been chosen so far and he was asked for specifically by the Navy.

Q. My commanding officer in December, 1943, sent a recommendation for the Good Conduct Medal for me to the Commandant, and to date have heard nothing from it. Will you please advise?

A. The release of a Bulletin on the subject of "Good Conduct Medals or Awards" is anticipated in the very near future.

Q. Are the crew members of the *Tahoe* who made the trip with her in December, 1940, authorized to wear the Naval Expeditionary Bar?

A. No.

Q. & A. To Coxswain E. C., who propounds a question relative to the wearing of a star for the African Campaign, your question can be answered only by the Commander of the Fleet having supervision of the unit to which you were attached.

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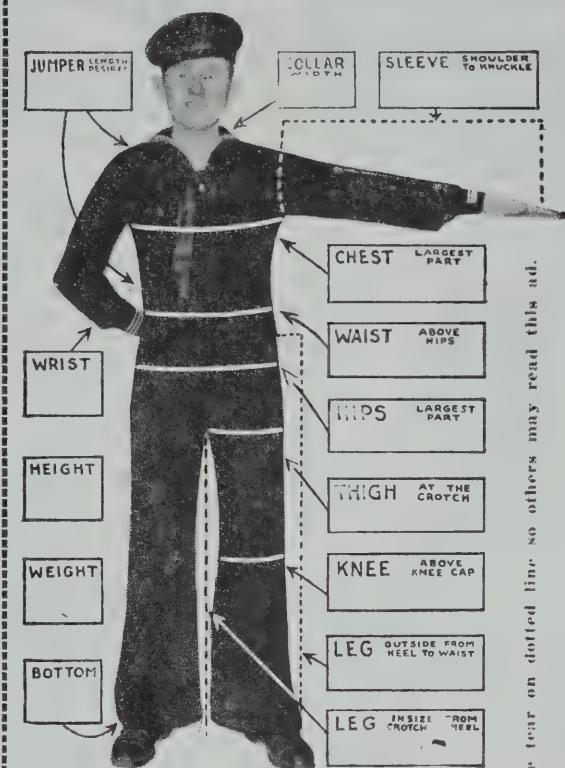
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## THE MAIL BUOY

(Continued from Page 10)

let the fellows know of what the Coast Guard consists.

As for "pin-up" pictures of "pretty women," I think that idea is overworked and should not be approved by our Magazine.

I would also like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on our very fine magazine. I have enjoyed it for two years, only missing a very few editions, due to unavailability. It has been enjoyed very much by everyone I know who has had the pleasure of reading it.

Yours respectfully,  
ROBERT E. DIXON, Ensign.

*Editor's Note*—We will endeavor to publish more photos of Coast Guard vessels in future issues.—E. L.

## BEREAVED

54 Rodney Street,  
New Bedford, Mass.

It is with deep sorrow that I write. I am enclosing a picture of my late husband, Harold Murphy, who passed away at Quantico, Va., some months ago after being in an automobile accident. He was chief master-at-arms in Miami, Fla., at the time of his death.



Kindly let his old friends know of his death. I would so much like to hear from some of his old friends, to help cheer me.

Harold was laid to rest at New Bedford, Mass., with a military funeral, which was his wish.

(MRS.) JENNIE MURPHY.

## HEADQUARTERS U. S. COAST GUARD

Colonel Oveta Culp Hobby  
Director, Women's Army Corps  
War Department  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Colonel Hobby:

On behalf of the Spars of the United States Coast Guard, may I, on the second birthday of the Corps, congratulate you upon your splendid achievements. The public support and commendation which has been given to the Corps by ranking officers of the United States Army must indeed be a source of satisfaction to all members of the Women's Army Corps.

The Spars are proud to salute you and to honor your share in America's march to victory.

DOROTHY C. STRATTON,  
Captain, USCGR (W)  
Director, Women's Reserve.

## AMPHIBIANS

Just a few lines to say how much my gang of Coast Guardsmen enjoy the Magazine. There are a score or more of us attached to the USS . . . , a Navy ship, and have been for over eight months. We were all formerly aboard the USS

### JAMES McWILLIAMS BLUE LINE, INC.

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*Etamin*, which I might add was a mighty fine billet, but were transferred along with our Higgins boats away back in '43.

We are the only C.G.'s attached to this ship and, according to the Commanding Officer, have, as a whole, done justice to our branch of the service inasmuch as we have given valuable and efficient service in a venture never before undertaken by the U. S. Navy. Naturally, with all the Navy men around we take a lot of kidding about being dry-land sailors and COAST Guardsmen, but according to tradition we can hold our own with the best of them. And, too, we know that it is all in fun and that they are kidding 'cause here we ALL are down among the South Pacific atolls, several thousand miles from the shores of the good old U. S. A.

Am enclosing a picture of myself and part of my crew of Amphibs. Here's hoping that you will find space for it in some near future edition. Incidentally, we would all like to hear from any old shipmates who are lurking around in obscure corners everywhere.

Henceforth, we hope to be regular contributors to our swell Magazine that helps out-of-the-way groups of C.G.'s to keep tabs on what's new in our branch of the Service.

Sincerely,

JOHN H. MALONE, CMM.

U. S. S. ....

c/o Fleet Post Office,  
San Francisco, Calif.

## SENDS IT OVERSEAS

1207 14th Ave., N.  
St. Petersburg, Fla.

I send the U. S. COAST GUARD MAGAZINE overseas to my husband but I really miss not having it for myself. I've tried to get copies several times but couldn't do it.

My husband (C. T. Huston, CMOMM, on an LST in the Pacific) says all the boys read his copy of the Magazine and really look forward to each copy. Sometimes he has to "tack it down" before he has a chance to read it himself!

Really, I could praise your publication on and on but due to paper shortage I'd better now close.

(Mrs.) KATHALEEN B. HUSTON.

## PROUD SPAR

In the June issue there was an article by W. F. Nivin. I am a Spar and I would like to thank him for his words in our behalf.

Sometimes it's pretty discouraging to hear nothing but rude remarks and you begin to wonder if you did the right thing when you joined the Spars.

We praise you men. No one can make any comments about the Coast Guard while we're around. We are proud of our service. We try to live up to the traditions of its men.

If you think back you can remember some girl you know and respect who is either in the service or who wanted to join. Just because a girl puts on a uniform, she doesn't change. I KNOW! So before you say something mean, think! You may be hurting someone who really doesn't deserve it.

I won't say that every Spar is perfect. No one is; but the majority of Spars are really nice girls.

It's up to you. You can help us...

PROUD SPAR

## TRIBUTE TO SPARS

Recently several articles have appeared in the COAST GUARD MAGAZINE with regard to the part the Spars are playing toward the war effort. To these articles I would like to add that for 21 months my duties have consisted of yeoman work and a greater part of that 21 months has been spent working hand in hand with this great woman's organization. I have observed closely the work being done and can truthfully say there is no greater organization anywhere, nor one that is doing a greater work than these American



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women of the USCG (WR). Association with them has caused me to realize that they are well worth their "salt." They are willing, ready, and able to take the place of the men, whereas these men can go on to a greater job, namely that of sailing the deep blue hunting the wolf packs frequenting the seven seas and endangering the lives of those so dear to the hearts of the American mothers, fathers, sisters, brother, wives, and friends.

I can truthfully say that I have seen "many" men leave this District for duty afloat who otherwise would never have had a taste of the salt, had it not been for these loyal women called the Spars. It is they who are paving the way by their undying loyalty to their country and loved ones.

At first appearance of the Spars, many men of this District felt as did many men of other Districts, that women had no place in the service and couldn't if they wanted to, do the work of a man. The first Spars reporting to this

district had a "hard way to go," but proved to themselves, and above all, to the men of this district, that they could, and would be an efficient organization and could sufficiently carry on the work of the men so badly needed for duty afloat. Through their efforts, they have proved to these men they are capable and well deserving of any praise bestowed upon them.

And for the information of any "Doubting Thomas," these Spars receive the same pay as do men and are required to take written examinations for any advancements in rating which includes Seamanship, Petty Officer Duties, and Duties of the Rate for which they are being advanced. Nothing is given them. They work for it as do you and I. Why then can't we accept them without prejudice and give them credit where credit is due. I am 100% for the Spars, and may God Bless them in the good work they are doing.

J. E. BIGHAM, Y1c.



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SPAR QM's

Boston, Mass.

The following is a note to the Quartermasters and we hope you'll publish it in the COAST GUARD MAGAZINE. Ever since our picture (Spar Quartermasters) in the Magazine a month ago we have been the center of quite a bit of talk, both good and bad. I am not trying to imply, however, that prior to that we didn't stir up quite a commotion with this right-arm rate that we wear, but since the picture came out it has become more intensified and we thought maybe the quartermasters would really like to know some of the things that their sisters-in-arms are doing to hold down their treasured rate of quartermaster. Hence the bit of jingle which follows.

Dear QMs—

There's been quite some controversy on the picture that you've all seen, of three Spars wearing quartermaster stripes.

The QM's going batty: "Not that I'd be catty, but why the Hell has SHE got that?" he gripes.

I'd like to make a little stab in a little bit of rhythmic gab to clear up some of "what we women do."

This lyric is directed at QM's so dejected by QM rates on female arms of blue.

We plot the spot where a ship went down  
And the place where a shoal is lurking.

Also, Sailor Joe, we let you know  
When a buoy its duty is shirking.

Then to be nice, we plot the ice  
To show you where it is waiting.  
Then, by heck, we mark a wreck,  
To keep you from sub-terranean dating.

Our master charts are works of arts  
And corrected up to the minute,  
With pins to show the buoys that glow  
And irregularities no matter how infinite.

The cans, the beacons, the spars, and the nuns  
Are all under our supervision.  
We ponder and fret 'till our brows are wet  
To keep them all in position.

We issue to you and your salty crew  
Publications and charts you're requiring.  
And tho' we're on land, we work hand in hand,  
To aid you. Our effort's untiring.

We're proud to be sporting the rate that you're  
courting  
And proud to be part of your crew.  
We'd like more than ever to battle the weather  
And become salty QM's like you.  
—A Spar Quartermaster.

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## COAST GUARD WAY

178 Willow St.,  
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Commodore W. N. Derby,  
U. S. Coast Guard  
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I have a few words of commendation that I wish to speak in regards to the U. S. Coast Guard.

I am the father of William H. Bissett, Sea. 2c, who lost his life on the *Leopold*.

I think that a telegram or a letter is a terribly hard and cold way to break the news of the death of a loved and gallant son who graduated from high school in June, 1942, and was in the Coast Guard in August of the same year, 17 years old.

When the news was broken to us it was done by two of God's noblemen, namely, Chaplain Alberding and Chaplain Frowley, and I certainly do appreciate the way the Coast Guard does this instead of the hard cold telegram.

I am proud to know that if my son had to give his life for his country it was in an organization that considered its boys as real human beings instead of just cannon fodder.

And I know that the U. S. Coast Guard is, and always will be, as my son was, "Semper Paratus."

If possible I would like to have this letter or a copy of it sent to the COAST GUARD MAGAZINE so that all who read it will know how my wife and I regard the U. S. Coast Guard.

I also wish to commend an efficient officer, a perfect gentleman and a real human being in helping people in their hour of grief,—that is Lieutenant Commander Stephen Paine.

Very truly yours,  
WM. T. BISSETT.

## BRIDE AND GROOM



Recent Coast Guard newlyweds are James H. Paul, S1c, and his bride, the former Betty Webster, both of Philadelphia. Seaman Paul is now at sea, having recently completed the signal course of instruction at Manhattan Beach Training Station, New York.

Champagne: A beverage that makes you see double but feel single.

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# Over the Editor's Shoulder

Readers are invited to come in and peer "Over the Editor's Shoulder" any morning or afternoon. When in or near Washington, D. C., visit Three Church Circle, Annapolis, Md.

**H**E DROPPED into the office with another batch of his rib-tickling cartoons under his arm.

"Here's some more stuff for your wastebasket," said he as he grinned down from his height of six feet.



**Ed Lloyd**

We like them. We hope our readers also like them, for we plan to make increasing use of Bruce's cartooning ability.

Bruce Ogilvie is a talented young American who, like thousands of others, has seen the war interrupt his personal plans. He is currently stationed at Sandy Point Light Station, Md.

Later in that same day Bruce and this writer repaired to the corner coffee shop and, over an ulcer-preventing lunch of milk and toast, we engaged in repartee relative to the post-war future of the many youths who now are in uniform but will one day return to civilian pursuits.

We agreed that one of the deadliest likelihoods of current times is the mental hazard of personal defeatism which can worm its way into the minds of young persons,—such defeatism being an offshoot from Service regimentation, a regimentation to which many youths find it difficult to adjust their long-time life-long perspective.

Many youngsters in uniform are letting their ambitions, their ideals, their hopes and their objectives fall by the wayside. For a period of time, after entering the Coast

Guard, they clung zealously to their long-range perspective of life. They looked upon their tour of duty in the Coast Guard as an obligation to be fulfilled but an obligation which would not too long separate them from personal ambitions and personal pursuits.

Now, however, they find that almost three long years have passed since that day in December, 1941, when America was plunged into war. Three years is a long, long time to the lad who, at eighteen, visualized himself being well established in life at the age of twenty-one. And it is equally long to the youth of twenty-one or twenty-five or even thirty.

Holding fast to one's ideals and ambitions for a few months was not too difficult. Even for six months the task was not too severe. But then came the first anniversary of our entry into war. And then the second anniversary. And now we approach the third anniversary,—with not the slightest inkling of the number of months or years of war which may lie ahead; months and years which will keep millions of young Americans away from their normal pursuits and their rational and proper way of life.

Three years is a long time to cling to things so vague and invisible as ideals. To quote Bruce Ogilvie: "You see, the gutter is so close, so convenient, so inviting."

Bruce's statement startled this writer. It made me realize the perversity of a civilization wherein the "gutter" is always more convenient, more accessible, more inviting than the galleries of inspiration and hope.

His statement made me realize something that all persons should realize, namely, that the forecastles of ships and the barracks of shore stations are teeming with elements which promote discouragements, dissatisfactions, desperation and discontent. The thought reminded me that it was no less a person than Rudyard Kipling who, long years ago, warned that the thinking of enlisted men in barracks often turns to channels of disillusionment and hopelessness. Such a condition is something which must be guarded against but it is not a situation calling for organized aid, nor for official action, nor for benefactions of any kind. It is a condition which can be combatted only in the heart and mind of each man who finds that war has separated him from his normal peacetime background,—or has interrupted his normal peacetime progress.

The war, no matter how long it lasts, is, after all, only an interval; a tragic-never-to-be-forgotten interval which has consumed the blood of millions who will never know life again. More and yet more men will die in the road that lies ahead but perhaps even worse than physical death will be the individual tragedies of those who lose their grip on their individual ambitions, those who cast aside their ideals and accept the calm and untroubled repose of the convenient gutter! It's so easy when one is in one's "twenties" to become rather grim and cynical about the uncertainties of the future. And, being twenty, it's so extremely easy to envy the ne'er-do-wells whose occupancy of the gutter is a study in ease, composure, casualness and day-to-day indolence.

The "gutter," instead of being the unpleasant and foul thing described in lectures and sermons is more often a rather plush and inviting *mental condition* wherein a fellow may cast his weighty ambitions and ideals aside and sup from the pleasing cup of ease,—living solely for the inane simplicities of today. This is the danger which faces young men in uniform today,—the likelihood that the war interval (and the natural discouragements) will cause them to abandon the splendid dreams and plans and hopes which were theirs in pre-war days and would still be theirs had not the ugly head of War injected itself into the privacy of individual lives.

Dreams and plans and hopes are the things upon which America was founded. They are not hollow things. They are the richest possessions of Youth,—and God help the youth who, in the face of today's discouragements, permits his dreams and hopes and plans to slip from his mind.

It was along this vein that Bruce Ogilvie and this writer discoursed.

Our discourse was brought to a close by another of Bruce's thought-provoking statements. "I suppose," said he, "the same fellow who finds that the war interval is an insurmountable handicap to his personal career would also manage to find another excuse if, in normal times, he found that his personal career was beset with difficulties and troubles. Perhaps many of us are sub-consciously seizing upon the war as an excuse for becoming failures in life; it eases our conscience and satisfies our ego to be able to roll in the casualness of the gutter and to say life would have been different if war had not disrupted it!"

## PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT SAID:

"IT IS NOT the critic who counts, not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of deeds could have done them better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself in a worthy cause; who, at the best, knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who, at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat."

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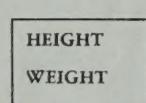
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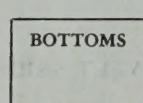
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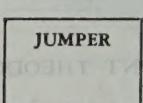
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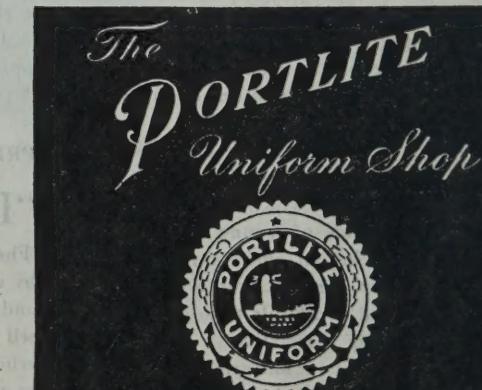
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